

# THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 450.—VOL. XVIII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped, 5d.]

LEADING ARTICLES:—

The Men of the New House.  
Sir John Lawrence's Farewell.  
"If I swing for it."  
Benevolent People.  
The Operatic Future.

The Flirting-grounds of London.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MEMORANDA.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Culture and Anarchy.

Ten Poets.

The Sumter and Alabama.

All but Lost.

Franz Schubert.

The Immorality of Mr. Tennyson.

THE MAGAZINES.

SHORT NOTICES:—

A Home for the Homeless.

Insect Architecture.

Leaves from the Poets' Laurels.

Sermons for Boys. &c.

List of New Publications for the Week.

## THE MEN OF THE NEW HOUSE.

A RECESS unprecedented in our Parliamentary history is about to close. The House of Commons which Mr. Gladstone will meet next Tuesday is an anomalous product of an anomalous election, and it is summoned expressly to perform an anomalous act of State. We in this country have no written constitution to alter, but the business of the coming session nearly corresponds to one of those constitutional amendments with which the late troubles of the United States have familiarized us. The separation of the Church from the State in Ireland is a change as fundamental, politically, if not socially, as the abolition of slavery in the South. Its proposal raised constitutional questions of the gravest character about royal oaths and obligations. The Church of Ireland is unquestionably part of the constitution of these realms, and the step about to be taken is a distinct alteration of the constitution as it has stood for hundreds of years. There are those who say that the constitution is in this matter unalterable, that the Crown is bound to hold sacred the institutions which at the coronation the sovereign swears to support. A more enlightened understanding repudiates this preposterous embargo upon the will of a self-governing people, and insists upon the right of Lords and Commons to demand the Queen's concurrence in the abolition of the Irish Establishment; but there are many who are willing and anxious to see the Irish Church abolished who do not quite appreciate the gravity of the proposal, or the crisis in the history of our constitution which it denotes. Perhaps this is as well. We emancipate Roman Catholics, not because religious equality is an acknowledged principle of our Government, but because we fear civil war in Ireland. We repeal corn-laws, not because of anything in Adam Smith, but because famine can only be staved off by throwing open the ports. If we abolish the Irish Establishment it will be under the stress of an impulse derived from Fenianism. We work best like moles in the darkness. Too much light would frighten and daze us. Yet we work towards the light. A glance at the composition of the new Parliament will show how much fitter it is likely to prove for a purblind onward policy than for the development by debate of any great principles of national organization and conduct.

At the same time it is necessary to say that there is no pretence for pronouncing the present Parliament greatly inferior to those which have preceded it. General calculations as to the proportion of "soap-boilers" in the new House can have very little value. Soap-boilers are very good food for powder in the lobbies, and a review of the new Parliament shows that if the relative proportions of the various masses of Parliamentary strength have received a

vulgar plutocratic modification, the debating power which really does the work remains very much what it has usually been. And this, after all, is the main consideration; for the great speakers and leaders of the House of Commons are "the stern jaw of the adamantine wedge" which splits up the solid mass of things as they are. The sharp edge bites its way in; the bulky mechanical force follows, until the huge and seemingly impregnable body is cleft in twain. In debating power the loss incurred by the late election is not very great considering the strength of the Ministry and the unqualified excellence of its purposes. Mr. Mill's name is the first in every one's thoughts, but Mr. Mill can be much better spared from a House led by Mr. Gladstone as Premier than from one under the conduct either of an old Tory or an old Whig; moreover, he was not strong as a debater, though he made several memorable speeches. His value consisted rather in the impossibility of certain antique prejudices, on the one hand, or hard-hearted perversions of political economy on the other, finding much favour in an assembly of which he was a vigilant member. This advantage we have lost, but it is one which no previous parliament, except the last, enjoyed. No one will say that the House of Commons in its permanent and ordinary character, has declined, because a remarkably distinguished thinker, such as had never sat in it since the days of Burke, was not permitted to relieve the even tenour of its comparative mediocrity for a longer period than three sessions. An exceptional bright light is extinguished; others, which for the time burn quite as serviceably and do not dazzle so much, will more than maintain any brilliancy which the House of Commons for the last twenty years has exhibited. Mr. Horsman is absent only just in time to avoid convincing the world how poor were his pompous pretensions. Mr. Roebuck, strangely valued of late by the worst sort of Philistines, is no loss whatever to the Legislature, where he would only have played into the hands of the Tories and pandered to the vulgar taste for inflicting personal annoyance on Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Osborne's wit never had any moral force, and mere fun is an element which can upon a pinch be dispensed with. Lord Amberley will not be missed. Major Anson is fortunately deprived of future opportunities for allying his manly and soldierly character with the pitiable weakness of such men as Mr. Eyre. Sir Edward Watkin, Sir J. M'Kenna, and Mr. Laing have suffered a fate which agreeably lessens the strength of the joint-stock interest, and teaches the director tribe that if their other plans render Parliamentary position desirable, they must at least be prepared to pay the price of it in *bona-fide* political integrity. Of Mr. Milner Gibson and the Marquis of Hartington it is unnecessary to speak, because both will soon regain their Parliamentary status. Sir Henry Rawlinson has gone to



another sphere of labour, and Lord William Hay will be missed in the Indian debates which he is so adapted to adorn; but Sir Charles Wingfield, returned for Gravesend, is one of the greatest of Indian civilians, and may be expected to take a high position. Sir John Karslake's defeat hardly robs his own side, and does not in the least diminish either the political or juridical strength of Parliament. The House can afford not to laugh at Sir George Bowyer or with Serjeant Gaselee. Mr. Baillie and Mr. Horsfall, though venerable, were not useful members of Parliament. The gain of Lord Mayo in India is no loss to Saint Stephen's, except that of a good-tempered man who seemed everybody's companion. Mr. Serjeant Barry was one of the most high-minded and comprehensive of the Irish lawyers, but he can be spared. Lord Hotham will be generally regretted, but his modest work was done. The future of Mr. Gorst, for which in the Reform debates Mr. Disraeli amusingly declined to be held responsible, will not excite either burning curiosity or profound concern in the House, though it must be admitted he showed a degree of ability which none of Mr. Disraeli's law advisers approached.

We have now glanced at the principal losses, and it will be seen that few of them are calamitous. If we turn our attention to the best known of the new members, it will be seen that the alleged irruption of "soap-boilers" has not entirely monopolized the seats in which changes have taken place. Amongst the Conservatives there have been several acquisitions in boroughs and counties, but only one member, Lord Sandon, is in any way a man of likelihood. On the Liberal side, however, several valuable representative men have gained places which they will fill with advantage to the country. Sir Henry Bulwer, unless the Tamworth petition issue unfortunately, will approve himself worthy of his great reputation in foreign affairs, and, unless we mistake him, will also prove that he is quite superior to those prejudices which are apt to lead veteran diplomats astray. Mr. Morley may have forfeited, by his late unworthy escapade, the right to represent the Dissenters, and if so, will have to be enrolled at once amongst the "middle-aged soap-boilers;" but Merthyr has returned in Mr. Henry Richard the ablest Dissenter, except Mr. Miall, who could have been found. The more comprehensive aspect of Liberalism, civil and religious, will again be presented to the House by Sir John Trelawny. The much-ridiculed Maine liquor law will be none the less ridiculed, but all the more efficiently represented, now that Sir Wilfred Lawson is in Parliament; and unless all hopes of "young blood" are futile, Mr. T. Brassey and Mr. C. S. Parker ought to make their mark. If there is anything in Sir John Ramsden which did not appear when he was in office under Lord Palmerston, he, too, will have the chance of revealing it. Of Mr. Vernon Harcourt's powers the world is already well persuaded, and of Sir Charles Wingfield we have already spoken. Mr. Macfie, the new member for Leith, though not a soap-boiler, is a sugar-refiner; but he is also an accomplished economist and politician. The mercantile class will be greatly advantaged by the services of a representative so capable of meeting on equal terms the speculative disputants whom other classes have furnished, though in very scanty measure, to the new Parliament. Mr. Mundella is not only a special authority and an expert on trade-union questions, without the disadvantage of connection with the operative class, but a widely-cultivated and thoughtful master of commercial and manufacturing questions; and Liverpool has sent as its Liberal minority member Mr. Rathbone, who supports the honour of his name by an enlightened energy in all that tends to political and social improvement.

The great interests committed to the charge of the new Parliament are not likely to suffer in the hands to which they have been intrusted. The Parliament has not deteriorated, and the great leaders who, even in over-zeal if not otherwise, might have interfered with the prosperity of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, are happily included harmoniously within it. Nor is anything to be feared from little foes. Mr. Bouverie will be powerless, even if he wished to make mischief. Lord Elcho is now simply a Tory who has beaten a Liberal in a Scotch county: a tenfold pressure of his impertinence and arrogance is not likely even to attract the attention of the strong Government now in power. In the Cabinet there are no known elements of discord on the great question of the day, and even on the vexed question of foreign affairs there is concurrence so far as the necessity of peace is concerned. With a House of Commons at once of average abilities, and not likely to be

troubled by crotcheteers, and with a Ministry resolutely and unitedly bent on a settled and uncompromising policy, the country may hope to see Mr. Gladstone's great "Constitutional Amendment" prosperously carried by the "House of Representatives" however it may fare in the "Senate." The Senate must pass it sooner or later, and we are so much more republican than the Republicans that a "Presidential veto" is a thing unknown amongst us and impossible.

#### SIR JOHN LAWRENCE'S FAREWELL.

IN one important regard, the changes which are made from time to time in the personal element of British government in India are deficient in true political interest. They do not mark any progress in the principle of our rule, for that is stereotyped in the despotic mould; and the succession of Indian Viceroys is a succession of able or feeble, of rash or prudent despots. There neither is nor can be, under present conditions, any worthy development of free institutions. India stakes all upon the personal character of her rulers, and keenly scrutinizes the claims of the coming proconsul, as she appraises in a kindly spirit the merits of his predecessor. "An Amurath to Amurath succeeds." Sir John Lawrence quits the Government House at Calcutta—that fatal palace where Dalhousie, Canning, and Elgin successively received their death-blows in the midst of their labours—under happier auspices than he entered it, and he leaves to his untried successor a task not comparable to that which has fallen to the share of any Indian Viceroy since the mutiny. It is a matter for sincere congratulation that the problems of Indian policy with which Lord Mayo is called upon immediately to deal are not of a character which demand high qualities of statesmanship, and we may thank Sir John Lawrence, at least in part, for having so far made clear the level ground of Indian administration. Although the fame of Sir John Lawrence will always be more intimately connected with his rule as Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and with the part he played in the terrible drama of 1857, than with his administration as Viceroy, it was only becoming that the retirement of so renowned a statesman from the field of his public service should not pass unnoticed in India. We do not forget the one ineffaceable blot of the Orissa disaster, or the troubles at home and abroad which some timid observers already discern on the horizon, when we speak of Sir John Lawrence's administration as having been on the whole exempt from signal misfortune. That under his rule the people of India, as a community, enjoyed a fair share of prosperity, good government, and peaceful progress, that he has left to his successor a political prospect clouded only by distant and chimerical dangers—these are the inconspicuous yet solid merits to which Sir John Lawrence, as Viceroy of India, can lay claim. It was the appreciation of these merits, as well as of the more brilliant and famous achievements of his earlier career, which brought together the statesmen and soldiers and the merchant princes of British India, a month ago, to do honour to Sir John Lawrence on his departure from Calcutta. The ex-Governor-General was entertained at a banquet, at which three of the lieutenant-governors,—rulers of provinces larger than most European States,—the Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's armies in India, the judges of the supreme courts, the members of the Council, the secretaries of the departments, the leaders of mercantile society and of native opinion were present. Sir William Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief, the next in rank and substantial power after the Viceroy himself, was spokesman for the imposing assembly, and expressed its sentiment in an elaborate and eulogistic survey of Sir John Lawrence's administration. The retiring Viceroy replied, we are told, in a speech of very touching simplicity and earnestness, and summed up the spirit, purpose, and result of his policy in a few sentences, pointing at the same time to the questions of the future, with words of welcome and encouragement for the new ruler of India.

The review of Sir John Lawrence's policy, which we have had thus presented to us, partly by the ex-Viceroy himself and partly by Sir William Mansfield, embraces two cardinal questions. Sir William Mansfield expounded the main features of the grand scheme of domestic improvement which has been developed under the rule of the late Governor-General—a plan which involves, indeed, the expenditure of immense sums of money, and that derived from a very poor and over-taxed community, but yet an



expenditure which has an ample justification in the fact that it is to be incurred solely for the benefit of the subject population, the toiling millions of India. This scheme of expenditure includes provision for the two paramount and exigent necessities of the Indian social system. In India, where so wide a tract of country is parched by a tropical sun and intersected by few rivers, it is above all things necessary that artificial provision should be made for an abundant water-supply, and that the transfer of food from one district to another should be rendered possible, if not easy, by a complete system of intercommunication. Few, therefore, will be disposed to quarrel with the policy for which Sir John Lawrence is in the main responsible, which proposes to expend upon irrigation works a sum of thirty millions sterling, and to open up four thousand miles of railway, through districts hitherto separated from the Dalhousian system of iron roads, and so dis severed from the rapid tide of commerce, at a cost of fifty millions sterling. The only doubt is whether a still larger sum might not have been more fittingly assigned to the former head of expenditure. It is impossible to cope with famine, in seasons of unusual drought, except by an organized system of irrigation. This is the clearest and most pregnant lesson to be derived from the melancholy story of the Orissa disaster. And with the prospect of a similar misfortune impending, as Sir John Lawrence avows, in Central India, and not to be averted, though it may be alleviated, by the utmost prudence and liberality on the part of the Government, it is plain that the first duty of Lord Mayo is to develop and hasten, and even extend, the policy of providing irrigation works for every district in India, to which the late Governor-General was pledged.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of the second important question discussed at the farewell banquet—the justification by Sir John Lawrence himself of his foreign policy of “masterly inactivity.” The difficulty in Central Asia, which is created by the feigned or foolish fears of Anglo-Indian fanatics jealous of Russian progress, is not, and should not be, a difficulty at all. The real difficulty would arise if we were to take the advice of alarmists and plunge headlong into the maze of Afghan intrigues. On this matter Sir John Lawrence speaks with so much calm wisdom that we hope his voice will prevail over the excited declamation of his irresponsible opponents. “Active interference [he says] in the complications of Central Asia would almost certainly lead to war, the end of which no one could foresee, and which would involve India in heavy debt, or necessitate the imposition of additional taxation, to the impoverishment of the country and to the unpopularity of our rule. On the other hand, by standing fast, as long as may be possible, on our own border, we can be ready to meet invaders with advantage. Invasion may never come, but if it do come it should find us well prepared to repel it. If we send agents into remote countries where the Government is rude and the people bigoted and lawless, we subject them to ill-treatment and insult, which we must be prepared to punish by force of arms. I know how strong and how admirable is the spirit of enterprise and devotion which would prompt hundreds of my countrymen cheerfully to incur such risks, but we must look to the national consequences that may result, and I for one cannot say that they justify sanction to such undertakings.” If English statesmen in India had always exhibited as much moderation and prudence as Sir John Lawrence, the Afghan war, and all the disasters of succeeding years which were traceable to that fatal error, might have been avoided. When we remember that for five years Sir John Lawrence has been subjected to a persecution, not the less annoying because it faced him at his own council-board, as well as in the press and in Anglo-Indian society, because he steadfastly refused to depart from the sound principles of non-intervention, and that by his unflinching resistance to this pressure he kept the empire at peace during a period of critical change, we shall not be disposed to refuse to his administration a title to true glory as worthy and as enduring as the more brilliant history of his successful rule in the Punjab.

#### “IF I SWING FOR IT.”

THE radical defect in our present system of punishments is that they do not sufficiently involve the disgrace of the punished. Whenever any penalty is suffered to acquire the least tincture of heroism, it then begins to lose its intended

effect as a preventive of crime. There can be no finality in any punishment; for the mood of the criminal classes is constantly varying. The more degraded and reckless our criminal classes become, the more stringent and exemplary should be the warning, in the shape of possible punishment, which we hold before them. And among the criminal classes are always to be found a certain number who will, under provocation, brave any penalty which only inflicts bodily pain. Indeed, as a general rule, it may be said that every man fears disgrace more than pain, if you can only find out what it is that disgraces him in his own eyes and in those of his companions. It is the publication of their crime, rather than the actual punishment, which disgraces educated men; but we are not speaking of educated men, who know that crime is always a blunder, and, as a class, need no terrorism to confine them within the bounds of the law. The question is, how shall we place a sufficient check upon our rapidly-increasing criminal class?

Take the extreme case of the death-penalty. Capital punishment is very undesirable, in many ways, although there are many experienced men who believe that its abolition, at present, would increase the annual percentage of murders. Even in moments of infuriated drunkenness, your small-brained and big-passioned ruffian is conscious of this brooding arm that is stretched over him, ever ready to catch him up the moment he has struck a knife into his neighbour, and dangle him like a scarecrow in the air. “If I swing for it,” he says, as he seizes his enemy by the throat. Now, the weakness of the death-penalty, like that of too many other penalties, has arisen through the extreme degradation of feeling in our criminal classes—and in this list we include, not only persons already convicted of lesser crimes than murder, but persons whose physiological peculiarities and want of education lay them prone to the commission of crime when opportunity offers or caprice tempts. These are the people upon whom a repressive system of punishments tells. The degradation of feeling among this large class has made hanging heroic. “If I swing for it” comes to mean, “I am a brave man; I will not be hindered by the terror of the gallows; I will be a hero, and the whole country shall talk of me.” The country accepts him at his word. He is really transformed into a hero. You will find a man of science, who has spent a long and laborious life in working for the common good, dismissed by the newspapers, when he dies, in a cold paragraph. You will find a couple of lines, a mere record of the blank act of death, devoted to this promising artist, that veteran traveller and geographer, or the other politician, who has laboured well, if anonymously, in the columns of his favourite journal. But let some ignorant, hulking clodhopper, or some ferine thief of Whitechapel, cut a man’s throat, and, lo! there are columns at his disposal. He is famous in the course of a few hours. The details of his appearance are gloated over as if he were an angel sent from heaven in these later times, instead of being, as he is, a creature who makes us wonder that Mr. Darwin can imagine an animal lower in the scale of creation.

The restriction of hanging to the inside of prisons has robbed capital punishment of much of its heroism, but it has not added to it one particle of disgrace. The criminal is deprived of his chance of appearing before a large concourse of spectators; but he still enjoys the distant adoration of the reporters, and the honour of appearing in the newspapers side by side with discussions upon Continental affairs and the record of the Queen’s daily doings at Osborne. What is wanted is that the criminal shall be made to appear a poor, mean, despicable wretch in the eyes of his former companions; and the difficulty is to find some means of touching his sense of shame. That difficulty we venture to believe can be met by making him an object of derision as well as a subject of punishment. If the mistaken humanitarianism of these days—a disastrous illusion which perpetuates crime in its ignorance of the laws which are necessary for its repression—would not at once take alarm, and raise a cry about the torture of criminals, we should say that some modification of the pillory would be an effectual check upon a vast amount of crime. The besotted brute who has no sense whatever of moral control would fear far more his being driven in a wire cage through the streets, howled at by crowds of his brother roughs, than he would his being sent for seven years to the congenial fellowship of his kith and kin, with plenty of food, clothing, and warmth during his temporary retirement from public-house life. At present, the man who “gets seven years,” accepts it with a cheerful audacity; he who “gets fourteen” is quite proud of it; while he who is sentenced to be hanged forthwith becomes a demigod. We have made our criminals heroes long enough; it is time they should be rendered objects of scorn and derision to themselves and their fellows. True humanitarianism never forgets the first principle



of punishment, which is that society does not regard the person punished but the masses of his fellows upon whom his punishment may have a salutary effect. What is an imprudent kindness to them is a gross cruelty to them; and they, both in point of number, and in regard to their not having yet made themselves amenable to the law, demand primary consideration. The pillory, as it used to be, was a means of inflicting extreme physical torture: a modification might easily be obtained which should only render the criminal an object of derisive contempt. A dose of this treatment attached to each of the present punishments would have a wonderful effect in heightening their efficacy. The shame attendant upon the infliction of the lash is a strong argument in favour of that punishment in the case of such brutal criminals as garotters; and that the institution of the lash had an astounding effect in reducing the number of cases of garotting points clearly to the fact that a wise and firm severity in these matters is the greatest mercy. Once the possible "knifer" understands that a conviction for manslaughter does not mean merely his being sent to spend a certain number of years among associates who regard the punishment as rather a good joke, and that a conviction for murder does not mean merely his being made as much of as if he were a prince of the blood royal, but that, on the contrary, either conviction will secure in addition his being carried through the streets like a caged wild beast, hooted by the populace, and laughed at by his old companions, he will be much more apt to stay his hand. Whatever may be done in this matter, it is at least imperative that we contrive some means to render crime less heroic, and more contemptible.

#### BENEVOLENT PEOPLE.

IN a ladylike and well-written monthly periodical entitled *Kettledrum* there is a short ingenious essay on "Doing Good." Everybody knows how, in certain quarters, people who devote themselves to works of "charity" have been chaffed by outsiders, who take the cynical view of most things, and the high view of nothing. The essayist before us pushes the matter a step farther, and complains that even the friends of works of charity have been far too ready with their criticisms:—

"The ridiculous aspect of doing good has been more than sufficiently considered of late years. Philanthropists, missionaries, curates, and, above all, district visitors, have been offered as targets to the public again and again; and, what seems hardest of all, quite as freely offered by their friends as by their enemies. There seems to be little *esprit de corps* on the right side; rather, each individual assailant tries to disarm the foe by the sacrifice of a brother (or more frequently of a sister), before he engages in warfare on his own account. . . . Even Miss Nightingale knows of district visitors who walk into cottages and sit down unasked, letting their hostesses stand before them. Even Miss Muloch (the case is in point, though it does not affect district visitors specially) describes a well-meaning lady, of average intelligence, who considers it her duty to reprove her servant for saving a life, because it was done without leave."

In the general complaint there is much truth; but even here it must be remembered that there is a good deal in that saying of a wise man that, in order to love another heartily, you must be able occasionally to laugh at him, and that some real homage hides itself under a good deal of banter. The banter may be inconsiderate, and it is often something worse; but if any of the Christian Graces can afford to smile at her assailants, it is the one which an Apostle puts before all the others. As to the particular complaint—namely, that the assailant is often a friend—we think it is overstated. Undoubtedly, however, it is true, from the beginning of the world till now, that a man is always wounded in the house of his friend. But it remains to be said that if mutual criticism is to be allowed at all, it should be permitted the most freely between those who are substantially at one. There is, indeed, a duty in this respect which is but too little thought of. For a man who respects religion to go and—without an express protest reserving that respect—ridicule the foibles of religious people in a quarter where he knows religion itself is not respected, is an act of treachery. Only the multifarious experience of a busy literary man with a conscience can disclose how narrow is the path of duty and honour in these matters, and how difficult it is not sometimes to fall into an error. But surely, if a writer who is notoriously on the side of religion and beneficence, like Miss Nightingale or the author of "John Halifax," writes words of frank criticism in such a way that it is like telling a friend to his face, and with entire respect, of one of his faults, it is not a wrong, but a great service, done both to charity and to the charitable. People of taste and judgment may well be anxious that Charity herself should not have to bear the blame and shame of the meannesses of those

who are professing to do her work; and the charitable themselves ought to be glad, or at least willing, to have their faults shown to them as in a glass. The essayist before us draws this very unpleasing picture of a "charitable committee or meeting":—

"Miss Jones will be evidently jealous of Miss Smith's interference. Mrs. Davis will have her little triumph in the detection of poor Mr. Stanton's blunders. Mrs. Hill will take a harsh view, and do her charity fiercely. Miss Dale will be so weakly and indiscriminatingly profuse that you can hardly ride her with a sufficiently strong curb. Miss James will expect the society, in its corporate capacity with the parson at its head, to provide the poor with eyes, ears, senses, principles, judgment, and a sufficient income. Mr. John will expect the poor to stand alone at all times, and under all difficulties; and will be great on the subject of that mercy which, according to him, curses him that gives and him that takes."

Now, in the lines italicised here we have features that are worse than unpleasing. It may be questioned whether people like Miss Jones, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Hill are not better out of any sphere which takes the name of charity, and especially out of a sphere which takes up what must, in a sense, be termed the tremendous pretensions of *Christian* charity. It is upon this question of pretension and no-pretension that, it seems to us, the case of our essayist breaks down a little farther on. At all events, this odious little picture, in which two of the most detestable of vices, namely, envy and cruelty, have a place, is enough to excuse Miss Nightingale, or anybody else, for speaking the truth when it occurs to her, so long as it is not done by collusion with Gath and Askelon.

The author of the paper then goes on to ask, What is the outcome of all this? and answers that it is simply that a certain amount of good is done by instruments who are imperfect. No doubt it is so; and all ridicule addressed to the *function* of such charitable work is objectionable; nay, all ridicule by outsiders of the mere methods of the work is objectionable, unless it be done with a degree of deference and sympathy which to outsiders could hardly be possible. But this kindly and, in the main, just and wise writer pushes the matter a step farther:—

"We ask you to go among the people who are *not* trying to do good, and to tell us what you find there! In the same country town there will be found a considerable number of gentlemen with a considerable amount of leisure time upon their hands, who give their moderate contributions to the local charities, perhaps, but who never for a moment think of giving their time, their thoughts, or their energies to the help of the poor and uninstructed living about their doors. Listen to their talk—gossip or politics; observe their peculiarities, whether of person or manners; note their infirmities and make yourself merry with their foibles. Go to the club, the ball-room, the billiard-room, the hunting-field, the cricket-ground, or the bar-parlour of the popular hotel, where men do congregate at various uncanonical hours. Do not restrict your observations to the unbeneficent gentlemen only, but extend them to the ladies (a smaller proportion, doubtless) who spend their leisure time solely in amusing themselves. We will answer for it that you will hear as much nonsense and see as much absurdity, at least, as you heard and saw among the district visitors; you will find quite as much to ridicule, to deplore, and to condemn. . . . But the distinction—that which marks one class off from another—lies in the one point which has been either assumed or overlooked. Some of these ridiculous and faulty human creatures are trying to do all the good they can, and some are not. And this would seem to be a distinction worth noticing."

No doubt the distinction is worth noticing, and all who honestly try to "do good" should be honoured. But it must be recollected that in the case of those who are not trying there is not the same pretension (we use the word in its inoffensive sense), exciting the same sense of incongruity. If Mrs. Davis assumes to be going about, in the name of God, and in the light of thoughts of heaven and hell, to help her less fortunate fellow-creatures, and is at the same time found capable of "triumphing over poor Mr. Stanton's blunders," the incongruity is so glaring that charity itself is disgraced. Nor is this all. It is distinctly *not* the duty of all men and women, or of any considerable number of men and women, to try to "do good" in this exclusive sense. It is one of the few thoroughly justifiable complaints of Mr. Ruskin in his "Time and Tide," that this office of "doing good," as it is called—an office which he rightly assigns to the "bishop" in the true sense—should be forced upon so many who are unfit for it. "I was not made," he says, in substance, "to overlook the welfare of others. I am not fit for the constant study of other people's wants and sufferings. I was born an artist, and my appointed work is to help mankind by showing them what is beautiful. Yet, now, when I ought to be out in the country, studying the primroses, I am forced to do work for which I am unfit, in the form of charity." This kind of appeal might be greatly extended. The man of science who first found out how to tie an artery; the man of science



who first found out how to apply chloroform in the alleviation of pain; Raphael, Titian, the poets, the inventors—all these have done good as much as any one who, taking up definitely the badge of charity, ever devoted himself to the task of alleviating the inconveniences of others. Look, again, at that giddy-looking girl, who is now wasting her time at croquet on the lawn. What "good" does she do? Truly, none in this sense. It would wear her, fret her, take the bloom and the unconscious joy out of her nature, if you were to make her go out as a "district visitor." But she is doing good in her own way nevertheless. By the simple unreflecting beauty of her character, and the innocence of her life, she is helping others, even district visitors, to believe and trust. There is even now in the company a young civil engineer who has staked his life upon winning her for his wife. She will be true to him, his faith will remain, his character will consolidate, and some day he will do a great good thing for his fellow-creatures, though he, too, would make a poor stick as a direct worker in any field of charitable labour.

Thus, while honouring the intent, and acknowledging the admirable manner, of the essay before us, we think the antithesis between those who "do good" and those who do not is inexact and misleading.

#### THE OPERATIC FUTURE.

THE rumours current some time ago regarding the possible amalgamation of the two rival opera-houses seem not to have been without foundation. A circular has just been issued—and we do not imagine that we commit any breach of confidence in saying that the circular in question is published with the approval of, at least, Mr. Mapleson—which places the arguments in favour of such an amalgamation in as clear a light as possible. But in spite of these plausible representations, it is obvious that the junction of the two houses, though likely to be beneficial to the projectors, is certain to be disastrous so far as the public is concerned. What are the reasons advanced on behalf of the scheme? First we are told that the existence of rival houses divided "the talents." As it is gracefully put in the circular which we mention, "the operatic stars could never be brought to shine in the same hemisphere, or under the same cope or roof." The two houses played the same pieces on the same nights, chiefly to bother each other; and oftentimes special attractions were displayed by Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, only to tantalize the perplexed opera-goer, who was miserable because he could not perform the feat of being in two places at the same moment. When there was a strong cast at the one house, a new singer appeared at the other; when Her Majesty's announced the last representation of a favourite opera, Covent Garden announced the production of some enticing novelty, and people who would fain have seen both could be happy with neither. This mythical Captain Macheath was represented at the time as crying "A plague o' both your houses!" and many were the hypothetical distractions recorded in the comic journals. With these arguments, derived from the experience of the past, there comes another, borrowed from anticipations of the future. Our anonymous informant, the author of the circular, grows eloquent over the grand possibilities which might accrue from the junction of the two houses. He looks forward to the splendid casts which could be made by including the best names from both operatic companies. The prospect of such a concentration of genius awakens his ardent imagination. He no longer reasons: he soars. "We can only imagine," he says, his far-seeing eye conjuring up the magnificent picture, "the irrepressible eagerness of the crowds, titled and untitled, who night after night would fill the fortunate theatre where all the great singers could be heard at once—each in his or her best character, and in the opera and in the part that is the talk of the world. We can imagine, in the public interest, what such a representation would be, and what an era would be created in the annals of opera." We, too, can imagine how such a dazzling possibility, lying lambent in the future, was likely to blind a manager's eyes to a few important considerations. Or is he only trying to blind us to the real issues by this glowing description? The eager crowds, "titled and untitled," the "fortunate theatre," "all the great singers"—no wonder that these things should kindle any man's imagination, be he manager or no manager.

There is another side to this charming picture. Abolish the rivalry between the two opera-houses, and where would be the necessity for having "all the great singers" engaged? Nay, would not the solitary opera-house be so completely master of the situation as to dictate terms both to the singers and to the public? There would be no further motive for vigorous

exertion; for, in a capital like London, a large number of people would go the opera, however poorly it might be conducted, simply out of fashionable habit. We do not mean that Mr. Mapleson, so soon as he had the reins in his hand, would drive straight down-hill. Far from it. Opera must be, at least, respectable; and it would be necessary to have a fair proportion of celebrated names in the bills of each season. But that a manager who could fill the solitary opera-house of a great city like London with a moderate company, and one or two "stars," should gratuitously go and engage all the "stars" he could get, and overwhelm us with their united lustre, is a thing not to be expected from human nature. The question, therefore, resolves itself into what proportion of operatic genius is likely to fill a single opera-house. A much smaller proportion, we dare affirm, than that exhibited by the rival houses when they were in competition. We have no doubt whatever that we should see, under such an arrangement, a "fortunate theatre," filled by "crowds titled and untitled;" but we are just as certain that we should miss out of the catalogue of singers names dear to the heart of the musical portion of our population. Supposing we had Lucca here, should we also have Nilsson? If we had Patti, should we also have Kellogg? If we had Mdle. de Murska, should we also have Miss Minnie Hauck? Titians we are always likely to have, for an opera company must greatly limit its *répertoire* without her; and Madame Trebelli-Bettini we should hope to have, for her voice is unrivalled of its kind. But, so far as the wandering "stars" are concerned, they and we should be at the mercy of a single manager, upon whom good fortune, unaccompanied by the struggle of competition, has always a deadening effect. Our opera would fall into a condition of apathetic routine; the plethora of the benches would affect the management; and public taste would grow dull and satiated, wanting the keen fillip of comparison.

For the sake of opera itself, we must therefore protest against this project of uniting the two opera companies. Operatic art is a foreign growth, which has never taken very kindly to English soil; and it is greatly to be deprecated that any movement should be made likely to render its existence among us even more precarious. Royal patronage—"the golden chains of royal dilettantism"—never did any good with opera, either in the time of Frederick of Prussia or in that of Louis of Bavaria; and those who think that her Majesty should step forward to cultivate this rare foreign flower, mistake the conditions under which it will live. The breeze and motion of wholesome competition, as our eloquent circularist might say, with the healthy sunlight of popular favour, are its best friends; it will never flourish in the hothouse of official patronage. And if there is one thing more than another which is certain to kill opera in England, it is this proposed amalgamation of the rival companies. It is not the raising of the prices—which generally follows the reconciliation of rival railway companies—that we fear: it is the lowering of the standard of efficiency. Unfortunately, the public is not in a position to place a veto on the proposal if the companies concerned resolve upon putting it into execution. The public is quite helpless in the matter. If the companies determine to amalgamate, who can hinder them? It is idle to talk of the public resolving to check the project by refusing to patronize the solitary theatre which shall be the outcome of the plot. The public does not get enthusiastic about any matter out of religion and politics; and will quite naturally and inevitably go to the amalgamated opera-house, and only vaguely express its disappointment with the monotony and poverty of resource which are certain to characterize its programmes. Yet it is the public which is certain to be the great loser by the transaction; while it would be difficult to say how far back musical art and taste in England will be thrown if this course be resolved upon.

#### THE FLIRTING-GROUNDS OF LONDON.

PUTTING aside the tea-gardens and the other vulgar quarters into which the unknown public retire to make love, no one who is observant of London social life can have missed noticing certain districts which are especially popular with people who are engaged, or who desire to bring their acquaintance to that pre-matrimonial resting-place. And first in order let us take the Row. Here the business of flirtation is carried on under peculiarly favourable circumstances. A girl is not so much remarked for riding with a man as for walking with him. Appointments can be made for this quarter with considerable ease, and without provoking the suspicions of those dragons who interfere with the full play of the most delightful (if debilitating) pursuit in the world. There is



nothing simpler than for a young lady to say to her waltz-partner during lounging-time that she goes to the Row at such an hour; there is nothing more natural than that she should be met at the end of the mile at precisely the time so accidentally referred to. If the place is pretty clear a canter is an excellent preliminary for conversation. Even without the talk the companionship is agreeable. The lady is generally in good humour. Every woman not positively plain looks well on horseback, and is not unconscious of it. She is tender on this occasion, perhaps altogether mistress of the situation. There is no one but her groom in chase, or, if her mother will have a chair from which to view her daughter's performances, the chair can be distanced when convenient. Another advantage which women find in flirting in the Row is that they can escape the men they want to avoid. There is always the horse to look at if they come plump forward, and there is the oft-repeated dodge in reserve of placing the steed in such a position as to have it and its manageress screened from the detrimental. So the Row is deservedly a popular as well as a picturesque institution in connection with flirting.

Kensington Gardens and that portion of the park which verges on Kensington come next. Small sisters or small brothers may be taken to air in those broad walks or under the trees, where, by a most extraordinary chance Mr. — is reading or smoking a cigar. How could he happen to be there at such a time? He joins the party, and in a few minutes small sister or brother has to plunge about for its own amusement—is bribed, perhaps, to a temporary reconciliation with its guardian by a visit to the well-known little buffet, where cakes and ices are abundant. You cross the Park also to go to so many places. It is an amusing experiment to stand by the corner-clock, or by the clock of the Marble Arch, for an hour or so. You will find two or more young gentlemen (under thirty) watching the dial and comparing it with their own timepieces. By-and-by, a lady trips up, who glances at the clock also. There is no one to claim her; she waits. Then another neatly-dressed person approaches, and smiles graciously at one of the young gentlemen who has been apparently driven to despair from impatience. His countenance lights up instantly, and the two pair off down the walks. Thus gradually all the watchers will be disposed of, save, perhaps, one, who begins (when he has had enough of it) to bite his lips and stalk up and down in a most irritating fashion. You may note him even go away, and return with a sort of faint hope that *she* may have arrived at the tryst during his quarter of a minute absence. He scowls bitterly when again disappointed, and his anger is renewed when the little drama, or incident of a drama, which we have endeavoured to describe, is repeated in other cases. The days of the week make a vast difference in the quality of the couples who meet by the Marble Arch. On Sundays the thing is done by hordes, by shopboys and their companions, by servants and soldiers, not by ladies and gentlemen. On week-days the women and men are of a different set. Some of the girls bear rolls of music, and appear to have started off under pretence of taking a lesson in that delicate art, instead of in another delicate art of a more engrossing kind.

Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace—especially in the spring, when the flowers begin to bloom, the days grow long, and the grounds tempting—these Saturday afternoons have sealed the fate of many a London bachelor. The invitations to spoon among the fountains and in the shrubberies are numerous indeed. The organ inside contributes towards the amusement. When Mr. Coward is setting all his pipes a roaring with the Wedding March, or that sweet thing from "Robert the Devil," there is the deuce to pay amongst the younger portion of his audience. That is the reason, perhaps, why they do not remain to hear the pieces out, but slide off to the quiet courts down where the cockatoos are stroked, and in the neighbourhood of the everlasting combat between a lion and a tiger in a glass case. A little dinner at the Palace helps the progress of matters likewise; so does the return by train, when ten to one the dragon is asleep, being wearied of travelling over miles of boarding in search of the smiling charge who leads her a pretty dance partly out of mischief. There are obliging and discreet guards on this line too, and it is possible by diplomacy to have your dragon locked up in a wrong—no, the right carriage—while you and not the dragon travel agreeably in another.

The theatres, the operas, or the concerts, must be only referred to in order to indicate a different level for the exercise of the same sentiment. The Regent's Park swarms with pretty faces at times, and most of them have a look of expectance. Observe the wonderful difference between the men and the women. The women are for the most part, not only neatly, but elegantly dressed, and have an air that shows the possibility, at least, of refinement. The men (they may be good

fellows enough privately) are desperately and abominably clothed, smoke cigars of ill-odour, and make their approaches with a swagger that gives a sickening sensation to a spectator. They carry off the respective young ladies to seats or chairs, and what they talk, or what they can talk of, we know not; but the young ladies smile. They, as well as their betters, are unconscious hypocrites. Occasionally trips are projected to Greenwich Park or Epping Forest. These places are within the home flirtation-grounds. So is Bushey Park, where an immense deal of innocent love-making is carried on in summer. Hampstead is so well known as to need no special comment. The only significant feature of the fun there is its conjunction with gipsy jackasses. Frisking milliners of a third-rate kind are fond of being jolted on a staggering donkey, with their own 'Arry impelling the unhappy beast to spasmodic imitations of agility. It is difficult to conceive how the course of love is warmed by this exercise, but that it is there is no doubt, from the *abandon* with which the fair jackasstrienne throws herself, on the completion of the sixpennyworth, into the arms of her swain, under the excuse of wanting his assistance to alight. To these young ladies the make-believe may be powerful enough to summon up visions of the Row, and every bump may knock sentiment into them just as Captain Cuttle averred that Bunsby had sense knocked into his pate with a marling-spike.

It is not at all our intention to sneer at the cheap amusements of the people, nor at their modes of love-making even as we have seen them at the Foresters' Fête at Sydenham. Their flirtations are always attended with such mechanical appliances as swings or merry-go-rounds, except in the case of kiss-in-the-ring, where the only obstacle to the kissing is the entrancing and short flight of the lady. This, indeed, is emblematical of the whole science of flirtation, which, whether practised by the people or by those in a different sphere, is definitely illustrated by alternations of coyness and surrender.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE debate in the French Corps Législatif on the law of public meeting has been followed in the Senate by a discussion on the working of the new press laws. As the notice of interpellation on this subject was given by M. de Maupas—well known as Prefect of Police at the time of the *coup d'état*, and therefore one of the main agents in carrying out that measure—it was taken for granted that the intention was to object to the Liberal concessions of the last year or two. The speech of the ex-prefect, however, was not exactly what had been anticipated. He did not, indeed, express any satisfaction with the press laws, but he repudiated the idea of reactionary measures. He had foreseen, he said, that the greater freedom of the press would result in systematic attacks on the principles of the Government, and the head of the State; and it had now become a necessity to interpose between the Emperor and revolutionary writers "some intermediary authority." In other words, he demanded the establishment of Ministerial responsibility and Parliamentary government, which he thought had been rendered all the more necessary by the growing preponderance of "a single Minister" (he alluded, of course, to M. Rouher), whose attributes were "the direction of the Cabinet." It is well known that the theory of the Imperial Government is that there is no "Ministry" in a collective sense; that each member of the Government holds his portfolio individually of the Emperor; that he is removable by the Emperor without reference to his colleagues; and that the Emperor alone is responsible to the country. M. Troplong, the President of the Senate, reminded M. de Maupas that such a suggestion is contrary to the Constitution, and that all discussion of the Constitution is prohibited. M. Rouher afterwards combated the arguments of M. de Maupas, and called attention to the undeniable fact that irresponsibility of the sovereign—Parliamentary government, as it is called—did not save the restored Bourbon monarchy, nor the monarchy of July. M. de Maupas retorted that this was because the one had been imposed by foreign bayonets, and the other had unwisely resisted the legitimate aspirations of the country. But the rejoinder was simply an evasion of the point at issue; for, according to the argument of the ex-Prefect of Police, the popular wrath ought to have spent itself on the responsible Ministers of the Crown, and have left the monarch himself untouched. M. Rouher spoke of the existence of revolutionary and reactionary plots, and of the determination of the Government to suppress them; and he derided the idea of Ministerial responsibility under the Empire. The debate is interesting and curious; but it shows that there



is no great movement in France in favour of Parliamentary Government. It is an English idea, which does not seem to flourish on continental, and especially on French, soil. Certainly the previous attempts have not been of a nature to encourage a repetition of the trial.

WE have heard no more this week of the alleged intention of the Spanish Provisional Government to propose to the Constituent Cortes the establishment of a Triumvirate; but, now that the Chambers have met, we shall soon be in possession of the facts. In the meanwhile, the religious difficulty continues to occupy the front rank in the troubles of the Peninsula. The accomplices in the murder of the Civil Governor of Burgos have been tried by court-martial, with the result that one has been condemned to death, and others to various periods of hard labour. The Protestant services continue, and Senor Ruet, who conducts them, is rapidly becoming one of the "lions" of Madrid. The preacher was originally a Roman Catholic, but was converted to Protestantism at Turin. In 1855, he was imprisoned for propagating the reformed faith in Barcelona, but was released on promising to quit the country, and has since then been in exile. Rivero, the Alcalde, has promised to lay the first stone of this gentleman's Spanish Protestant church. Permission has been given to the Jews to open a synagogue in Madrid—which virtually annuls the edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, expelling the Israelites from Spain. All these things are driving the bigots to desperation, and it is said that the Protestants are threatened with assassination. The extravagant opposition of the priestly party will only have the effect of drawing further attention to the reformers, and putting them in the position of martyrs; yet it is more than doubtful whether, in any case, the Spaniards are likely to adopt Protestantism in large numbers. Like the Italians, they require a religion of greater warmth, fervour, and external beauty. But if the progress of events should mitigate the rigours of their Ultramontane fanaticism, and teach them the virtue and the wisdom of toleration, a vast good will be effected, and a great guarantee be obtained of the orderly development of the country.

AFFAIRS in Greece are for the present at a standstill. A new ministry has been formed—with great difficulty, and after a temporary failure—by M. Zaimis, assisted by M. Delyanni as Foreign Minister, and a number of gentlemen, some of whose names are unknown in England. A further extension of the time for replying to the representation of the Powers has been granted; but the response must be given in a day or two, and there can be little doubt that it will be in favour of peace. M. Bulgari was the representative of the war party, and now that he has been removed from the helm—for the present—a pacific policy will probably be adopted for a little while. How far the adventurous spirit of the Greeks will bear repression remains to be seen. Already there is a report that armed bands have entered Epirus and Thessaly, and that the Turks are putting themselves in a defensive attitude. The statement that the King of Greece had abdicated appears to be erroneous, or at least "premature;" but his troubles do not grow less with time, and may one of these days be too much for him.

THE news from Paris includes a strange story of a Polish count, who endeavoured to poison a rival who stood in the embarrassing relation of husband between him and his mistress. We had been led to think that among our neighbours a husband was never regarded as a serious obstacle in such affairs, but then the count in question was not a Frenchman. A *demi monde* lady was employed to find a means of administering the poison, but, instead of carrying out the mission, she went and told the police. Whereupon, "Madame Belval" becomes a heroine, and is visited by members of the Jockey Club, who thank her for saving the life of one of their order. The *Express* gives an account of how easy religion is made to the reigning family. In the chapel of the Tuileries the fittings are of the most luxurious description, the sermons are cut as short as possible, the music is sumptuous. On Sundays "at one o'clock an usher announces 'Their Imperial Majesties and the Prince their son,' who are preceded by the Dukes Cambaceres and Bassano, and the noble corps of chamberlains. The Imperial family walk up the aisle abreast, bowing on every side. They are followed by General Fleury, General Ney (Prince of Moskowa), M. le Prote (the chief huntsman), the sixteen equeuries in waiting, and the Prefect of the Palace." After

these come the women and children. The interior of the edifice is nicely wadded and gilt, and the Emperor holds a sort of levée in the vestibule.

WHILE we in England are inquiring into a "convent scandal," another, of a still worse character, if we may believe a story related in the *Chronique* of Louvain, in Belgium, has come to light in that country. A nun had been placed by the lady superior in a damp, unhealthy, underground cell. At length, by calling through a narrow opening which gave light to her dungeon, she attracted the attention of a man working in the garden, by whom she was provided with writing materials. Having in this way written a letter to her brother-in-law, the same man delivered it, and the nun's relative went to the convent, and asked to see the young lady. This was denied; but the brother-in-law went again, accompanied by a commissary of police, and examined the whole of the underground cellars, where he found, not only the nun of whom he was in search, but five others, who were released, and gladly returned to their friends. In all such cases, the nun is probably punished for some infraction of rules; but the whole system proceeds on a violation of nature and of natural rights, which is certain, in some instances, to lead to rebellion, and to vindictive cruelty on the part of the authorities.

SOME valuable pieces of sculpture have been dug up in the Pope's dominions; but it appears that they were not proper enough for the Vatican, so that they will be exhibited in a less sacred quarter. In Greece, M. Piot, a Frenchman, has discovered the trunk and head of a gigantic Faun. From the dimensions of this relic, it is suspected to have been one of a set of statues which formed the monumental decoration of the Athenian theatre dedicated to Bacchus.

THE Irish Bishops are in the habit of issuing Lenten pastorals, in which the restrictions of the season are indicated, and exhortations on the score of faith, morals, and politics given. Cardinal Cullen reminds his flock once more that Freemasons, Ribbonmen, or Fenians cannot be admitted to the sacraments. Archbishop M'Hale (whom O'Connell called the lion of the fold of Judah) congratulates his people on their sticking to the ancient language of the country. "During his last visitation he confirmed 4,500 persons, and there were not twenty of these who did not account in their native tongue for the principles of faith and duties of morality." From Ireland we also learn the decision against the Conservatives on the Dublin petition. Then we have a tremendous word-combat between Mr. Pigott, of the *Irishman*, and Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation*. The former has called the latter a "felon setter," whatever that may be, and pleads that he only adopted the phrase from America, importing it, it would appear, especially for the convenience of Mr. Sullivan. The difficulty goes into court, the English (Sassenach) law being put in motion to prevent one great professional patriot from libelling with impunity another great professional patriot. We should have thought Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Pigott would have chosen a more picturesque arena than the Four Courts to fight in.

MR. CHARLES BELL, the Conservative member for the City of London, elected to Parliament for the first time last November, has died ere he could enjoy the honours of his new position. He owed his seat to the minority clause, and it is almost certain that the single election necessitated by his decease will result in a fourth Liberal taking his place side by side with the three other Liberal members for London already in the House. Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who represented the City from 1847 to the last dissolution of Parliament—though for about eleven years of that time he was unable to sit in the House, owing to the Jewish Disabilities law,—has come forward as the Liberal candidate for the vacancy; and it cannot be doubted that he will be returned. The success of the minority clause in the City will in that case have been of short duration.

IN the Cheltenham election case, a retired prize-fighter gave evidence that he was employed to do a little knocking down amongst the electors. The gentleman who contracted with him was in the same line of business, and the bargain was struck for 10s. a day, exclusive of expenses. This is a new development of the manly art which would seem to be reviving amongst us again. Last week there was what *Bell's Life* calls a merry



mill in the Home Circuit. It went off without the slightest interference on the part of the police, and the ring fraternity are in hopes of bringing another event to a conclusion in a few days. In the last battle, the defeated champion was struck a blow at the close of the combat which left him completely helpless on the ground, thus bringing the merry mill to a most cheerful, not to say edifying, termination.

THE *Daily News* comments upon the modern fashion of jewellery, which is so variable that ladies must of necessity wear false gems and electro-gilt settings. A girl is expected to change her ornaments almost as often as her dress; and unless amongst very rich people indeed, this cannot be done without a little innocent deception in the way of brooches and bracelets. The sweepers of the ladies' gallery in the House found a Brummagem trinket the other day, which was said to have belonged to a person of quality. Certainly wonderful improvements have been made in the craft of imitating jewellery, although we believe that genuine precious stones and metal will always find a market, for the simple reason that to buy them is always to procure a certain intrinsic value for money; while an outlay in paste and inferior enamel is, after awhile, as much thrown away as if it were spent in cigars or cabs.

THERE was a shocking case of what the papers term a double murder this week. The details were horrifying enough, but of course the *Daily Telegraph* served them up in its leader in the well-known style for which our contemporary is more or less celebrated. When will people tire of this disgusting sort of rubbish? It is nothing more than a translation of the hideous pictures of the *Police News* into language as coarse and sensational as the woodcuts. The latter journal, by the way, has found a new source of income, which, although in a manner connected with the advertisements considered fit for a very Christian paper by the *Telegraph*, steps a little lower down, and apparently comes quite within reach of the functionaries from whom it derives its title. It is difficult to refer intelligibly to the noisome wares offered for sale in the columns of the *Police News*, but what are we to say to the open vending of receipts for the destruction of unborn children? Several announcements and overtures of this character have been published by the *Police News* of late, to which we beg to draw the attention of those at present concerned in the morality of refreshment-houses and of actresses' clothing.

A PROSECUTION by the police of the vendors of nasty valentines appears in the papers of Thursday. The offending stationers were only cautioned; it is to be regretted they were not punished. The sentimental incident of the month falls upon Sunday, so the postmen complain of a distressing set of mailbags for the 15th. The girl of the period seems to be the most popular illustration of satire in the valentine way. The young lady is attired in short clothes, and with those significant bumps and other decorations out of which so much delicate humour has been wringed. The ladies are furnished with exchange pictures, in which music-hall dandies are broadly caricatured. The letterpress appended to these productions is stupid beyond all comprehension.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has come out as a modern Histrionatrix, and wields the scourge with the power not only of a Prynne, but a Potts. He denies that theatres are in any way instructive, or even entertaining. He prefers lectures. He prefers reading Shakespeare to seeing Shakespeare acted. There seems to be some jealousy at the bottom of this. The Rev. Mr. Beecher is one of the most popular of divines. His pews bring in fabulous rents, and people bid against each other at annual auctions to become tenants of them. Why, then, is he so wroth with the poor players? Does he owe nothing to them for elocution and tact, or is he afraid that his audiences may lavish the sympathies he requires for "Mesopotamia" upon "Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!"?

MRS. LINCOLN, the widow of the late American President, has petitioned the Senate for a pension, that she may be enabled to live in a style "becoming the widow of the chief magistrate of a great nation." The petition is dated from "Frankfort, Germany," and it is thought that Congress will grant a pension of five thousand dollars a year. We have heard somewhat of the lady's extravagance; but it certainly behoves "a

great nation" to see after the widow of one who was not only a chief magistrate, but a veritable martyr.

THE rautoone does not look like the car of Juggernaut, and yet an old woman in Glasgow was sacrificed under the wheels of this new addition to our public amusements. The vehicle was worked by four young men in a crowded street, and it is a wonder that only a single mishap occurred. A velocipede driven swiftly through Pall-mall would create almost as much consternation as the wild career of a Boadicean war-chariot.

CONSOLS are now at 92½ to 93 for money, and 93 to 93½ for the account. The prices of colonial government securities have slightly improved, and a fair business has been transacted in connection with them. A brisk business has been done with the chief varieties of foreign securities at average rates. English railways have been actively inquired for at slightly improving rates. Joint-stock bank shares have been dull, though in a few instances an improvement in price is quoted. Mining and miscellaneous shares exhibit no important alteration. With reference to the Six per Cent. Tobacco Loan, Messrs. Stern Brothers have given notice that holders of the scrip may now receive an allotment of shares in the Italian Tobacco Monopoly Company at the rate of one share of the nominal amount of 500 lire for every 5,000f. of scrip. Applications are to be accompanied by the scrip and by a payment of 250 lire per share, which will be credited as paid up thereon. No applications are to be received after the 20th inst. The following returns relating to cotton have just been issued from the Board of Trade. Cotton in stock December 31, 514,568 bales; imported during January, 227,675 bales; forwarded from inland towns to ports, 500 bales; total, 2,416,517 cwt. Cotton exported during January, 90,205 bales; forwarded inland for consumption, 256,941 bales; total, 1,188,701 cwt. Cotton in stock January 31, 1,227,816 cwt. At the meeting of Canal Cavour Septennial bondholders, the report of the retiring committee was adopted, and a permanent committee was appointed to watch over the interests of the bondholders. A vote of thanks to the General Agency (Limited) and to Mr. Cresswell, who has represented the bondholders in Italy, was passed unanimously.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Great Northern Railway Company will be held on the 20th inst. A special meeting is also convened for the same day, for the purpose of considering and determining upon the creation and issue of new shares or stock, authorized by the following Acts, viz., £300,000 under the Great Northern Railway (Hornsey to Hertford) Act, 1865; £75,000 under the Edgware, Highgate, and London Railway (Extension to Barnet) Act, 1866; and £75,000 under the Great Northern Railway Act, 1867. The dividend of the London and North-Western Railway has been announced at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum, as against 5½ in the previous half-year, and 6¼ for the corresponding half of 1867. The half-yearly meeting is convened for the 23rd inst., and will be made special for the purpose of creating new capital to the amount of £396,830. Another special meeting is to be held on the same day to consider various bills. It is announced that the directors of the London and South-Western Railway Company have resolved to recommend to the proprietors at the half-yearly general meeting that the dividend for the half-year ending 31st December last should be at the rate of 5½ per cent. on the ordinary stock, carrying forward a balance of upwards of £17,500.

THE report of the London and South-Western Bank (Limited) shows an available total of £3,788, and recommends a dividend of 6s. per share, which will absorb £3,000, and leave £788 to be carried forward. The deposits held are £537,988, and the paid-up capital is £200,000. The report of Lloyd's Banking Company shows that the net balance available for dividend on the half-year is £16,993. 2s. 4d. Out of this a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum is recommended, which will leave £1,765 to be carried forward. The called-up capital is £304,560; the amount due on deposit, current, and other accounts, is £2,644,420, and the reserve fund amounts to £67,462. The assets consist of bills of exchange, £1,363,932; advances to customers, and Government and other securities, £1,154,695; cash in hand, and at agents, £483,589. The directors of the Birmingham Town and District Bank have just declared an interim dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent.



per annum. The National Bank of Greece announces the payment from 6th February of 69½ drachmas as dividend of the second half of 1868. The sum is nearly 14 per cent. on the capital, and the bank, it is said, augmented last year its reserve by 233,005 drachmas, making the total £6,689,734, the capital being 15,000,000. The dividend is to be paid at Paris by Messrs. de Rothschild. At the meeting of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum was declared for the past half-year, in addition to a further payment of 4½ per cent. on account of back dividends, both free of income-tax. The chairman stated that the receipts of the six months were nearly £24,000 in excess of those of the corresponding period of last year, and that the increase has continued throughout the few weeks of the current half-year.

#### MEMORANDA.

THE members of the Belhus Dramatic Corps have resolved upon giving a series of public performances, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to a fund for the purchase of a lifeboat. The first of the series was given in St. George's Theatre, Langham-place, on Monday evening, when a drama, written by Mrs. A. C. Steele, was produced for the first time in London. "Under False Colours" struggles successfully with several disadvantages. It has no drawing-room comedy. It has no young-lover scenes; the plot commencing with the marriage of the heroine, who, through a girlish folly, is in the power of the villain of the piece. It is somewhat conventional in construction; the groom and chamber-maid business alternating with the "serious" scenes in too marked a fashion. And yet "Under False Colours" is an effective piece, with a good idea to start with, plenty of bright and clever dialogue, some strong climaxes, and a vein of sufficiently powerful interest running through it. So far as the acting was concerned, the attention of the spectators was chiefly drawn towards the two ladies who played respectively the heroine and her maid. Lady Lennard's impersonation of Isabel Graham obviously bore with it the sympathies of her audience, and in at least two of the strong situations she showed genuine dramatic ability. Mrs. Steele's Mattie was really charming, and was decidedly the most "workmanlike" piece of acting attempted by the non-professional actors. Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Mr. Collette (of the Prince of Wales's Theatre), Mr. Montagu, and Mr. Arthur à Beckett (who played a small part with much grace and finish) were the other performers in "Under False Colours." But we must not forget Master Thomas Barrett Lennard, a little boy of about six or seven, who delivered his speeches and made the appropriate gestures with remarkable accuracy and prettiness. "Under False Colours" is to be repeated in the provinces.

Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts opened last week at St. James's Hall. The first part comprised the Mendelssohn music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; a motett for double choir (without accompaniment), by Samuel Wesley; and a concerto of Mendelssohn's. The orchestra, under Mr. Leslie's conducting, is peculiarly delicate and finished. The performance of the overture left nothing to be desired for brightness and effective playing. Mr. Leslie does not permit his band to fall into a slovenly or careless manner with works with which the performers may happen to be familiar—he watches them as carefully as if the pieces were being produced for the very first time. The consequence is that a freshness and spirit are imparted to the best known compositions, rendering the repetition of them a sincere artistic pleasure. Wesley's clever motett, a massive as well as an ingenious work, was sung with striking grace and correctness, the manner in which the singers kept the pitch to the end, without the aid of an instrument, showing the sound system under which the rehearsals are managed. Madame Schumann's performance of the "concerto" won for her something more than the usual applause; the complete unconsciousness of her reading and its deep poetical fervour is perhaps more attractive than the laboured interpretations to which the musical public are often subjected. Miss E. Wynne sang a quaint and pretty ballad of Macfarren's in a charming manner, and gave the solo parts in the more prominent divisions of the concert most effectively.

The last Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace was noticeable for the production of a new overture by Schubert. Too great praise can scarcely be given to Mr. Grove and Mr. Manns for their exertions to promote a taste for the best class of music, but we feel bound to say that we do not think they have found as great a treasure in Schubert as they expected. The new overture is a very weak, thin, though not unpleasing composition, as full of reminiscences as if it were written by an ordinarily clever English bandmaster. The band did everything with it that could be done, but there was no substance to work upon, and we suspect that the dexterous arrangement of a great deal of the overture may be due rather to Mr. Manns than to Schubert. Miss Agnes Zimmerman was the pianist of the day and Mr. Vernon Rigby the tenor.

At the Royal Gallery of Illustration, "The Last of the Paladins" has been withdrawn, to give place to Offenbach's operetta, "A Happy Result." Mr. German Reed and Mdlle. Rosa d'Erina take the parts of Fitzchen and Lischen, and sing the light and graceful music of the piece with much vivacity. "A Happy Result" is really a captivating little piece; and the quaint and pretty duet,

"I am an Alsatian," which Lischen and Fritzchen sing together, never fails to charm the audience. A piece by Mr. W. S. Gilbert will shortly be produced at the Gallery.

At the next Monday Popular Concert (Feb. 16), there will be performed a posthumous work by Schubert—a trio in B flat, for violin, viola, and violoncello. Mr. Charles Hallé will return to these concerts on that evening.

Once a Week tells a good story of the King of Bavaria and an actor. The same story occurs as an incident in a good many plays—a fact which may account for the actor's having bethought him of an old and good joke. King Louis, we learn, rather likes the society of actors and actresses, when the charms of Wagner and his music give him liberty. On the day Madame Cramer completed her fiftieth year on the stage, the king gave her a benefit, and after the performance, the other actors and actresses entertained her. The king hearing of this, took it into his head to surprise them by his unexpected presence. Madame Cramer, whose back was turned towards the door, could not, of course, see the king enter the room. The king stepped quietly up to her, and put his hands over her eyes, and said, "Guess who it is!" "Ah!" said Madame Cramer, "you again, Monsieur L——? you certainly do imitate the king most delightfully." "Oh, does he?" said the somewhat astonished king. "I should rather like to see the performance. Go on, Monsieur L——, and let me judge for myself of the truthfulness of the imitation." "I trust your majesty will excuse me," replied the abashed actor. But the king persisted in his demand, and, after several refusals, he added, "I desire it, and the king commands it." The actor bowed and took his seat at a little table, and called out, in a voice which was an exact imitation of the king's, "Desire my private councillor, Riedl, to come to me." "Very good indeed!" exclaimed the king. "What does your majesty want?" asked the actor, speaking through his nose. "Capital!" exclaimed the king, laughing; "you imitate my councillor even better than you did me; you are an excellent comedian, as Madame Cramer said." "Riedl," continued the actor, "be sure you send to-morrow two hundred florins to Monsieur L——! he is a deserving fellow,—a better mimic I never heard." "Scamp!" exclaimed the king, laughing, "enough of that performance; you shall have the two hundred florins, but I shall take care not to ask you for a repetition of it."

The Associated Arts Institute will hold a conversazione this (Saturday) evening, at 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, John-street, Adelphi, W.C., will hold its next meeting on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17, when a paper "On the Efficiency and Economy of a National Army, in connection with the Industry and Education of the People," will be read by Mr. Henry Cole, C.B.

The next meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 16, at eight p.m. There will be a renewed discussion on "The Mauritius Railways, Midland Line;" and a paper read "On the Lagoons and Marshes of certain Parts of the Shores of the Mediterranean," by Professor Ansted, F.R.S.

The British Archaeological Society of Rome is making active exertions, and has, among other duties, published the first report of proceedings during 1868-9. This report has apparently been printed in Rome, in Roman type; a fact which may account for our finding in the second line a reference to "December 80th." From a supplemental report we gather the following particulars:—"The excavations are going on steadily; during the month of January another pit has been dug on the line of the wall of Servius Tullius, between the Coelian and the Aventine; another part of the wall and of the aqueducts by the side of it was exposed to view, and is left open for the present, but probably not for long. Another pit has been dug in the Circus Maximus, and a part of one of the galleries, with a staircase to it, has been brought to light; only the rough stone foundation remains, all the cut stone has been carried away. This pit has been filled up again, but the surface of the stone is left exposed to view. Another excavation has been made in the sand on the bank of the Tiber, showing considerably more of the Tufa wall, called 'the Pulchrum Littus of the Kings,' than was visible before. This is at a place called 'Porta Leone,' and is exactly opposite to the lion's heads of Etruscan character, carved on large stone corbels in the cliff on the opposite side of the river, at the upper end of the Port of Rome. The excavations made by the Baron Visconti are at the lower end of the Port. It is not probable that it went much below the Emporium. The lions' heads were discovered by Mr. Parker two or three years since. The Corporation of Rome have voted £600 for carrying on the investigations of the Mamertine prison in the channel commenced by the society. Three of the Roman princes have combined for the same object, and have commenced excavating another part of the wall of Servius Tullius near the railway station. The British Society have already thrown considerable light on several vexed questions in the historical topography of Rome, especially the true site of the Porta Capena, the principal chambers of the Mamertine prison, the Lupercal of Augustus, and several Castella aquarum, or reservoirs of the aqueducts, previously unknown; also the source of the Aqua Appia and Aqua Virgo, and the line of their subterranean conduits, or specus, to a considerable extent. This is pretty well for one season, with very small means. They have now appealed for help to the archaeologists of all nations, Rome being the natural centre of all archaeology, as they justly say, and there is already some emulation among different nations as to which shall do the most to ascertain the real history of the city of Rome."



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## CULTURE AND ANARCHY.\*

It is as difficult as it ever was to deal with Mr. Arnold in the way of criticising him, because it is as difficult as it ever was to understand him. His great strength undoubtedly lies in a kind of genteel irony—his great strength as a social critic we mean. This irony now and then takes a high tone, and is made subservient to generous purposes, and it is always clever, sometimes much more than clever; but the general impression left by Mr. Arnold's essays in "political and social criticism" is that which is in one's mind when one calls some other person a "fribble." This would be a harsh word to apply to Mr. Arnold, and we by no means apply it to him; though he is, perhaps, not quite gentlemanly in his reiterated and wearisome personalities. There is something which, even when the irony is good, as it usually is, suggests Mrs. Nickleby, in these tedious recurring references to Mrs. Gooch, the Rev. W. Cattle, Mr. Bright, and Bishop Wilson; it is, after all, only a kind of "nagging," which is quite beneath the dignity of social and political criticism. Once is enough to hear about Mr. Beales, or Mr. Murphy, or the British College of Health, or poor Mr. Odger; but Mr. Arnold has never done. If he is in the "Erebus vein" and wants "a cat to tear," in heaven's name let him tear one, but not worry his enemies as a cat does a mouse, and puff his beautiful bishop as an Evangelical Amelia Osborne might the minister she sat under.

The difficulty of understanding Mr. Arnold is, as we have stated, extreme. He never attacks a theme in a right line, either vertically or laterally; and he rather seems to glory in his own peculiar method. Take as an example the following:—

"But how to organize this authority, or to what hands to intrust the wielding of it? How to get your *State*, summing up the right reason of the community, and giving effect to it, as circumstances may require, with vigour? And here I think I see my enemies waiting for me with a hungry joy in their eyes. But I shall smite them."

When we come to the point, Mr. Arnold says, gaily, that we want to devour him, and that he means to elude us. He does elude us—we firmly believe he does it better than he even intends. The *Daily News* truly tells him that his doctrine has a "non-intellectual root," and wants to know how anybody is to make sure that right reason, as he calls it, is embodied in the State? A most reasonable question, surely. If Mr. Arnold will tell us how he works it out to an answer, we shall see our way at once, not to devour him, but to listen to him with understanding hearts. Let us look, however, at one of those passages in which the meaning of the words, at all events, is particularly clear, and in which there really appears to be some attempt at definite statement, instead of at eluding criticism:—

"But our best self inspires faith, and is capable of affording a serious principle of authority. For example. We are on our way to what the late Duke of Wellington, with his strong sagacity, foresaw and admirably described as 'a revolution by due course of law.' This is undoubtedly—if we are still to live and grow, and this famous nation is not to stagnate and dwindle away on the one hand, or, on the other, to perish miserably in mere anarchy and confusion—what we are on the way to. Great changes there must be, for a revolution cannot accomplish itself without great changes; yet order there must be, for without order a revolution cannot accomplish itself by due course of law. So, whatever brings risk of tumult and disorder, multitudinous processions in the streets of our crowded towns, multitudinous meetings in their public places and parks—demonstrations perfectly unnecessary in the present course of our affairs—our best self, or right reason, plainly enjoins us to set our faces against. It enjoins us to encourage and uphold the occupants of the executive power, whoever they may be, in firmly prohibiting them. But it does this clearly and resolutely, and is thus a real principle of authority, because it does it with a free conscience; because, in thus provisionally strengthening the executive power, it knows that it is not doing this merely to enable Sir Thomas Bateson to affirm himself as against Mr. Bradlaugh, or the Rev. W. Cattle to affirm himself as against both. It knows that it is establishing the State, or organ of our collective best self, of our national right reason; and it has the testimony of conscience that it is establishing the State on behalf of whatever great changes are needed, just as much as on behalf of order; establishing it to deal just as stringently, when the time comes, with Sir Thomas Bateson's Protestant ascendancy, or with the Rev. W. Cattle's sorry education of his children, as it deals with Mr. Bradlaugh's street-processions."

Can any one help us to understand this? It is here affirmed that "our best self" prohibits "multitudinous meetings in public places;" that "it does this clearly and resolutely, and is thus a real principle of authority, because it does it with a

free conscience." We do most distinctly and unreservedly affirm that we carry away from all this no idea whatever. Can it mean that whatever is affirmed by somebody's mind "clearly and resolutely," and with a free conscience, is necessarily true? This cannot be the meaning; and, indeed, the words used are "our best self or right reason." But how does this help us? We come back to Mr. Chadband's difficulty, "What is terewth?" Mr. John Stuart Mill, who, after all the criticism he has lately suffered, is not yet rendered quite insignificant, said, at the time of the last Reform agitation:—"I tell you that the countries in which the people are freely allowed to show their strength are the countries in which they are least likely to be required to use it." Now this is plain. Implicitly it contains an argument, and the conclusion is the flat reverse of Mr. Arnold's. Mr. Arnold simply affirms, "It is so, because our right reason says so." Could Amelia Osborne herself have sailed closer to the wind in "eluding" the whole point of a discussion?

Let us try again. In regard to the equal division of the property of intestates, Mr. Arnold writes thus:—

"Now does any one, if he simply and rationally reads his consciousness, discover that he has any rights at all? For my part, the deeper I go in my own consciousness, and the more simply I abandon myself to it, the more it seems to tell me that I have no rights at all, only duties; and that men get this notion of rights from a process of abstract reasoning, inferring that the obligations they are conscious of towards others, others must be conscious of towards them, and not from any direct witness of consciousness at all."

It must have delighted Mr. F. Harrison to find Mr. Arnold so frankly adopting the Comtist formula, "Nul n'a droit qu'à faire son devoir;" but the proposition is no more intelligible in English than it is in French. M. Comte himself showed a pretty keen sense of his rights, as he called them, in the matter of that little subsidy; and it is impossible for simple people not to fancy that if it is my duty to pay my butcher's bill, my butcher has a right to the money. On the particular question to which this applies we offer no opinion, but we are quite certain that Mr. Bright has no such opinion as that a man's children have, by the constitution of things, an *absolute* right to his property in equal shares.

Let us take another point. Those who will most earnestly agree with Mr. Arnold that English life is greatly over-Hebraized, and that we require the free play of the Hellenistic tendencies,—those who think, and we heartily do, that Mr. Arnold's definition of the two tendencies is on the whole excellent, and in some places finely discriminating, will yet be at a loss to account for his treatment of the subject. If he could once get the Hebraizing tendency subordinated, or even co-ordinated, his work would be done; for one reason why the English people are so positive in matters of action is that they are apt to fancy matters of speculation are settled once for all for them on Hebrew authority. Mr. Arnold says, among other things, this:—

"And, immense as is our debt due to the Hebrew race and its genius, incomparable as is its authority on certain profoundly important sides of our human nature, worthy as it is to be described as having uttered, for those sides, the voice of the deepest necessities of our nature, the statutes of the divine and eternal order of things, the law of God,—who, that is not manacled and hoodwinked by his Hebraism, can believe that, as to love and marriage, our reason and the necessities of our humanity have their true, sufficient, and divine law expressed for them by the voice of any Oriental and polygamous nation like the Hebrews? Who, I say, will believe, when he really considers the matter, that where the feminine nature, the feminine ideal, and our relations to them, are brought into question, the delicate and apprehensive genius of the Indo-European race, the race which invented the Muses, and chivalry, and the Madonna, is to find its last word on this question in the institutions of a Semitic people, whose wisest king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines?"

Now, in this passage Mr. Arnold has again "eluded" where he might have done better. He has laid himself open to two answers from the Hebraizers. One class, the least cultivated of them, will say, "Why do you talk in this profane way about our being 'manacled and hoodwinked' by our Hebraism? Don't you know we believe in our Bibles? Go, and disprove the Evidences, and then we will talk to you." Another, and a more cultivated class, will reply: "You mistake. We are resolute Hebraizers, but the doctrine of life which we have received from the Hebrews is progressive, and fully entitled to take up and appropriate on its own account whatever good lies in its onward path." And it will take a more direct reasoner than Mr. Arnold to convince such people of what is nevertheless true, namely, that while they think they are sticking to their Hebraism as authoritative, they have in fact surrendered and subordinated it.

\* Culture and Anarchy. An Essay in Political and Social Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



We will select one more sentence:—

"Thus, in our eyes, the very framework and exterior order of the State, whoever may administer the State, is sacred; and culture is the most resolute enemy of anarchy, because of the great hopes and designs for the State which culture teaches us to nourish."

Now, this amounts to an absolute denial of the right of insurrection. It is surely a *mauvaise plaisanterie* when Mr. Arnold, who has just been denouncing the idea of a right as an abstraction, while he admits the idea of a duty (as if that were not an abstraction too), now talks about "the State" as if that were not an abstraction. Suppose, after the Norman conquest, when William had fairly organized his "State," he had been more cruel and unjust than he was, would "the very framework and exterior order of the State" have been so "sacred" that the remaining adherents of Harold's side would have had no right, as a Yankee might say, to "insurrect"? If the passage does not exclude the right of insurrection, but only means that wherever the people of a nation have consented to a particular form of things as representing "the State," they are bound by their own acts, and must consider "the State" wholly sacred, we are still no nearer; because "the State" is a mere abstraction, and what is equitable to-day, as then and there administered, may become tyranny to-morrow if administered in another way. Nobody denies that revolt of all kinds is an excessively inexpedient thing; but the very foundation of civil freedom is the implicit acknowledgment of the right of revolt in case of need; and any act of insurrection, great or small, is simply of the nature of civil war.

Talk about culture and sweetness and light as he may, the real gods of Mr. Arnold's mind are Authority and Order—admirable deities, but not enough to make a pantheon. Much of his oblique criticism is most admirable; but while his guerilla shots and flank movements are often successful, we cannot help thinking, with most of his critics, that he has mistaken the case for the defendant and is a little too apt, in his elegant way, to abuse the plaintiff's attorney. This need not hinder our saying that these essays are full of piquancy and fascination, contain some striking glints of fine vision, and ought to be read and remembered by all intelligent people who have time to spare for a critic in politics and social matters who is so ingenious at eluding his "enemies," as he calls those who have merely a humble natural human curiosity to know what he means.

#### TEN POETS.\*

"POET" is a very elastic and comprehensive term, and carries many writers within its humane compass to whom exalted critics like Mr. John Ruskin would deny the honourable appellation. It is in vain to tell us that nobody is a poet who does not belong to one of three or four species of the genus—Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Browning. Supremely fine fellows these are, no doubt—myriad-minded, deep-thinking, melodious, and singing, as to a company of gods, songs that are expected to live for ever. But what shall we say? The majority of mankind consists of very plain people, to whom plain words, unambitious ideas, and conventional rhymes are not unacceptable. Possibly the worse for them; yet so the fact is. After all, too, not unfitly may we apply to all poetry the significantly lenient criticism of Theseus on the theatrical efforts of Bottom and his compeers, "the best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." There is no mediocrity, if we only look at a poem in the light of the poet's own particular gift, and not in the light of any other poet's genius. There is, an ear for every diverse strain of poetry; and no doubt, therefore, each of the ten poets who form the theme of this article, like the unseen cricket on the hearth, will find somewhere in the world an appreciative audience. There is, for instance, John Hartley, who sings the "Yorkshire Ditties"; we should think that many persons, not

in Yorkshire alone, but in other parts of the kingdom, will listen with pleasure to his quaint, simple, earnest verses. His command of Yorkshire idioms is not extensive; but the value of his little volume is in its genuineness of feeling, not a particle of which seems to be simulated. Each of the pieces is the outcome of a real impulse—a statement the more believable when it is known that John Hartley is evidently a worker among spindles and amid the whirl and roar of machinery. Like all home-bred poets, he shows great tenderness towards helpless creatures, whether birds, or beasts, or children. Of the latter he says,

"If there's ought belongs to heaven  
Lives o' th' eearth, it is a child."

The piece about the nest of young larks is quite an idyl in its way. Take a verse of one of his songs called "Wayvin Music":—

"Ther's mawsic i' th' shuttle, i' th' loom, an' i' th' frame,  
Ther's melody mingled i' th' noise,  
For th' active ther's praises, for th' idle ther's blame,  
If they 'd hearken to th' sound of its voice;  
An' when flaggin a bit, ha refreshin to feel,  
As yo pause and luk raand on the throng,  
At the clank o' the tappet, the hum o' the wheel,  
Sing this plain unmistakable song:—  
Nock a ting, nock a ting;  
Wages keep pocketing;  
Working for little is better nor laiking;  
Twist an' twine, real an' wiud;  
Keep a contented mind;  
Troubles are oft ov a body's own making."

Mr. Wade Robinson's "Iona, and other Sonnets," are intelligent and written with much care; but the poetry of them lacks freshness and variety; there is here and there a touch of strength, but as compositions they are deficient in melody and spontaneity. The following sonnet is a fair specimen of the whole:—

#### "ON LAW."

"God in the gray beginning did ordain  
His laws his servants. Each an ancient thing,  
Sits in his own domain as vassal king,  
And reigns within the universal reign.  
Here is the power that cares, the power that kills;  
No empty promises, no feeble slips,  
No blowing out of doom thro' thunder lips,  
To spend its terrors moaning in the hills.  
Here is the rule which knows not haste or pause,  
Pity or bribe, nor sways with doubts and fears;  
Here is the vast machinery of the years;  
And he who madly breaks the eternal laws,  
Not them breaks, dreadful with wide-flashing steels,  
But breaks himself among the slow resistless wheels."

Mr. Compton Reade has doubtless pleased himself in writing in the manner he has done the poem "Basilissa: the Free of a Secret Craft;" but we doubt much whether he will please his readers to any desirable extent. The meaning of the poem is not insoluble, though we cannot pause to expound it; but we must say that the haze in which the meaning is wrapt makes the production almost profitless, especially in an artistic sense. The ability displayed even by Mr. Reade ought to have insured a more excellent result. The kind of verse in which he writes is also his own affair; but for ourselves we should prefer seeing any story of the kind told in some other kind of measure than this. We give the lines merely as a specimen of the verse, not for any special merit:—

"Babylon—City of Men—thou manifold mart of the nations!  
Babylon, Christian, Christless, commingling of angel and demon!  
Babylon, joyful in gin, and drunk with the labourer's wages!  
Teeming with streets and squares, the highways and bye-ways of  
feasting;  
Teeming with alleys and courts, the low ways and dank ways of  
starving;  
None of thy millions of souls, with their million unclassified  
sorrows,  
Grinding some to the bone, to the brain, to the Stygian river,  
Merit my pity so much as entrapped Basilissa the orphan."

The poem contains a number of picturesque passages; but the style of it is more rhetorical than poetic; and the result is unsatisfactory.

Miss Frederick Prideaux has worked the story of Lady Jane Grey into a dramatic poem under the title of "The Nine Days' Queen." It is a conscientious piece of work; but it is more easily read for the story than for the poetry of it, which is, in the main, commonplace, and never completely rises to the height of the subject. Even in the fifth act, when the last words come to be spoken, the expressions of Lady Jane, though chaste and pious in tone, limp far behind our just expectation in such a case. However, Miss Prideaux writes with intelligence, and though she is never suggestive, her diction is often, if not always,

\* Yorkshire Ditties. By John Hartley. Edited by William Dearden, Esq., Author of the "Star Seer," &c. London: John Camden Hotten.  
Iona, and Other Sonnets. By Wade Robinson. Dublin: Moffat & Co.  
Basilissa; the Free of a Secret Craft. A Poem. By Compton Reade. Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton.  
The Nine Days' Queen. A Dramatic Poem. By Miss Frederick Prideaux, Author of "Claudia." London: Bell & Daldy.  
Poems. By George Francis Armstrong. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co.  
Phantasmagoria, and Other Poems. By Lewis Carroll. London: Macmillan & Co.  
Florence. Second edition. London: Longmans.  
The Golden Chain of Praise. Hymns. By Thomas H. Gill, Author of the "Papal Drama" and "The Anniversaries." London: William Hunt & Co.  
Poems. By Menella Bute Smedley, Author of "Queen Isabel," "A Mere Story," "Twice Lost," &c. London: Strahan & Co.  
Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne. Edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot. With Portrait and Illustrations. London: Charles Griffin & Co.



neat. A few lines spoken by Lady Jane to her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, will serve as an example:—

"If I might speak my mind without offence,  
Nor seem to teach my betters, I would say,  
Good manners are the blossom of a plant  
Of which the roots are truth, love, purity,  
And last, not least, an even-balanced wisdom.  
Let the roots flourish, and the flower will bloom  
In its own shape and colour: not the same  
In every plant, but always beautiful;  
The very soul breathed outwards to the sense.  
But manners thrust upon us from without  
Are like the tinsel flowers they make in France,  
All of one hue and pattern, lifeless, scentless,  
Bearing no seed within their painted cups,  
And ending with themselves."

George Francis Armstrong proves in his volume of "Poems" that he possesses a bold and nimble fancy, some affluence of language, and a ready supply of images, if not of ideas. The cast of his mind is essentially lyrical, and his poems consequently belong to the lyrical order. They have the characteristics of warmth and movement—lacking, almost as a necessity, reflection and repose. Perhaps the specialty of the book is a certain independence of view and tone, which gives much zest to some of the pieces. The following lines are in his simpler and happier vein:—

#### "SUMMER RHYME.

"Leaf on bough and fly on wing,  
Birds that sing, winds that swing  
Roses thickly clustering,  
Woodbine blooms that clamber and cling,  
Ferns that fresh in the woodland spring,  
Flowers that sweets to the breezes fling,  
Babble of streams and drip of wells,  
Golden gleams and balmy swells,  
Bees a-buz in odorous bells,—  
What is the word their gladness tells,  
What the bliss they bring?"

Summer is loose and Spring's away;  
Hearts be gay; pipe and play,  
Revel and laugh the live-long day,  
Bind the brow with bloom o' the May,  
Lave the limbs i' the foam and spray,  
Whirl i' the dance at evening grey,  
Beat the moss with lightsome feet,  
Tumble and toss the hay in the heat,  
Stray in the grass, stray in the wheat,—  
This is the bliss of their burden sweet,  
These the words they say."

Under the title of "Phantasmagoria," Lewis Carroll gives us a volume, the bigger half of which consists of humorous poems, the lesser half being made up of pieces of a serious character. Unquestionably, a vein of cleverness runs through the volume; but its humour is not of the rich, juicy kind, but rather of the thin, fluid sort—the mixture being something like a half-pint of humour to a gallon of the still waters of the dictionary. We quote from the beginning of "Phantasmagoria":—

"One wintry night at half-past nine,  
Cold, tired, and cross, and muddy,  
I had come home too late to dine,  
And supper, with cigars and wine,  
Was waiting in my study.

There was a strangeness in the room,  
And something thin and wavy  
Was standing near me in the gloom,—  
I took it for the carpet-broom  
Left by that careless slavy.

But presently the thing began  
To shudder and to sneeze:  
On which I said 'Come, come, my man,  
That's a most inconsiderate plan,—  
Less noise there if you please!'

'I've caught a cold,' the thing replies,  
'Out there upon the landing'—  
I turned to look in some surprise,  
And there, before my very eyes,  
A little ghost was standing."

Of this kind of thing there are seven cantos, all neatly done, though with occasional bad rhymes, and with great economy of ideas and witty hits. The piece called "The Elections to the Hebdomadal Council" touches a sharper key; but "The Three Voices" is poor stuff. In the serious part of the volume, the author makes less effort to be clever, and there is therefore less sign of failure, though there is little of success. The writing is pure and pleasing.

We observe that the poem noted in our list as "Florence," has reached a second edition, which is a good sign for it. Five

cantos in the "Don Juan" verse, with something of the erratic manner of that incomparable poem, but none of its poetry or spirit—that is "Florence."

Mr. Thomas H. Gill's "Golden Chain of Praise" is a collection of original hymns, which are more remarkable for their piety than their poetry. They are, however, carefully written; and persons of a simple and serious turn of mind, not quite able to grapple with poets like Milton, will perhaps find some consoling reading in Mr. Gill's volume. Speaking for ourselves, we doubt whether there is a composition in the book that will assert for itself a permanent place in English hymnology.

That Menella Bute Smedley is one of our promising minor poetesses, her present volume of "Poems" affords ample testimony. In the quality of her verse there is more tenderness than strength, though there is a strength that hides itself in tenderness. Perhaps, also, we ought to say that her style lacks distinctiveness—that is to say, she belongs to a school nearly all the members of which are content to sing in something of the same key. Since, however, poets are born, not made, this is rather a piece of fate than a personal fault. Poets belong to particular schools from the character of their minds, which are, of course, an inheritance. Miss Smedley's poems are characterized by sweetness and purity of tone, and by an occasional subtlety of thought that probably indicates a reserve of power which time and experience may develop into the highest poetic forms. Some verses from the first poem in the volume will serve the purpose of quotation:—

#### "A CHARACTER.

"Sharp insight, severing with a glance  
Greater from less, from substance shade;  
Faith, in gross darkness of mischance  
Unable to be much afraid,—

Outlooking eyes that seek and scan,  
Ready to love what they behold;  
Quick reverence for his brother man;  
Quick sense where gilding is not gold.

Such impulse in his self-control,  
It seems a voluntary grace,  
The careless grandeur of a soul  
That holds no mirror to its face.

True sympathy, a light that grows  
And broadens like the summer morn's;  
A hope that trusts before it knows,  
Being out of tune with all the scorns.

On-moving, temperately bent  
On radiant ends by means as bright,  
And never cautious, but content  
With all the bitter fruits of right.

Under this shade the tired may lie,  
Worn with the greatness of their way;  
Under this shield the brave may die,  
Aware that they have won the day.

For such a leader lifts his times  
Out of the limits of the night,  
And, falling grandly, while he climbs,  
Falls with his face towards the height."

We must pick another bit from this volume:—

#### "A PLEA FOR BEAUTY.

"I heard there was no place among the powers  
For Beauty; that she stands not in the plan;  
That even the tints which glorify the flowers  
Came but for use, and not for joy to man.

Ah, sophist, tracing through gradations fine,  
A wondrous story hid from eyes more dull,  
You know how beauty comes to tint and line,—  
Tell us, what makes the beauty beautiful?"

We will be glad because the crocus takes  
Such tender curves before her buds are riven,—  
Because at morn the wave of colour breaks  
Like a great burst of music over heaven,—

Because each accident of light and shade,  
The copse, the cliff, the field, the shore, endears,—  
Because no living thing can grow or fade  
Without a charm that touches us to tears,—

Because the Voice proclaiming all things good,  
Even to the least a twofold work imparts,  
And colours, tempting insects to their food,  
Are banquets for our grateful eyes and hearts."

Miss Smedley's longest piece is a drama of social life, in five acts. We rather fear that it does not indicate the possession of a distinctly dramatic genius. The plot is nothing; but the work is done with some poetic skill, and can be read with a certain amount of pleasure. Of the other poems, we may point



to "The Contrast" and "Hero Harold" as being excellent of their kind. If Miss Smedley is young, her volume is one of good promise.

The last volume on our list is the "Life and Songs of Lady Nairne," which have been edited with some care, if not with particular skill, by Dr. Charles Rogers, who has prefixed a biographical sketch of the famous poetess, of whom a characteristic portrait is also given. As is well known, Lady Nairne was the author of a number of the most popular Scottish songs; but as they were at first published anonymously, and are still imperfectly known as her composition, the real value of the present edition of them lies in the fact that it furnishes ample means of identification. Besides, as some of her songs are floating about the country in different versions, readers curious on such matters will here find the exact words originally employed by the authoress. Among Lady Nairne's most popular songs are "The Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Hundred Pipers," and several capital songs about Bonnie Prince Charlie. In the version of "The Land o' the Leal," now invariably sung, the name of "Jean" occurs; Lady Nairne uses "John" thus:—

"I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither could nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal."

Several pieces in the volume, printed for the first time, possess little value; and the editor might with safety have excluded the Clyde boat-song, which is a jumble, and, as he himself seems to suspect, evidently not authentic. The volume is cumbered, too, by several amiable, but poor bits of verse, by Caroline Oliphant the younger. Of course, the treasures of the book are the songs, the reading of which is exquisitely refreshing—like the drinking of cool wine. The quaint homely humour of them, and their delicious tenderness of feeling, are the purest issues of genius. One or two of them, like "The Land o' the Leal," are altogether unapproachable.

#### THE "SUMTER" AND "ALABAMA."\*

FOUR years have now passed since the Northern and Southern States of the great republic were in deadly enmity, and when those hitherto united in the closest ties were lifting up the sword against each other. The time has, perhaps, hardly arrived for a calm and accurate survey of this great conflict; and it will be for some historian of the next generation, when those who have taken an active part in the struggle have passed away, to judge between the contending parties, and pronounce a verdict on one side or the other. Hasty generosity, rather than impartial judgment, is the invariable characteristic of the attitude which Englishmen assume in political criticism; and it is not to be wondered at that, during the continuance of the war, a not inconsiderable section of the community should have unreflectingly espoused the cause of the South, and openly proclaimed their sympathy with the weaker side. Just as in a combat of fisticuffs between a big boy and a little one the latter receives all the encouragement from the bystanders, so did the seceding States, in their contest against the power and wealth of the North, hear from this side of the Atlantic words of approval and friendship. The question as to which of the disputants was in the right was not so much regarded as the fact that a few States had thrown down the gauntlet to the rest of the Federation, and that they were enabled not only to hold their own, but even temporarily to defeat the mighty armies sent against them. Commercial considerations also interfered to raise the tide of popular prejudice against the North; and England, for the first time in her history, showed herself the partisan of a slave-holding Power banded against the future liberties of a great and free nation. No wonder the North bitterly resented the expressions of sympathy with the South which were then current in England. The attitude of our Government in declaring and maintaining strict neutrality between the contending parties was construed into an act of unfriendliness towards the Union. When the violation of our flag took place by the forcible seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board the mail steamer *Trent*, the prompt redress which England demanded served to heighten still further the hostile feelings entertained towards her, and though the good

sense of those in power on the other side of the Atlantic prevented a rupture, yet the conduct of Great Britain was felt to be another instance of her Southern proclivities. Then came the *Alabama*, built in Liverpool, and issuing thence to become the scourge and the terror of the Northern shipowners. In a moment of inspiration somebody conceived the idea of paying out John Bull for all the aforesaid acts and deeds by sending in a little bill to him for the damage done by the cruiser. This demand was at first firmly resisted, and at one time a rupture between the two countries appeared probable. Pacific counsels have, however, prevailed, and, thanks to the conciliatory policy of Lord Stanley and of his successor at the Foreign Office, an arbitration has been agreed upon, and a few days since the newspapers put us in possession of the terms of the treaty. Whatever the award may be, and whether the claims of the United States are pronounced valid or otherwise, it is fervently to be hoped that the two great nations will once more view each other with cordiality, and that the angry feelings excited by the controversy will be for ever laid at rest.

Just at this juncture the work before us has been published. Captain Semmes and his ships the *Sumter* and the aforesaid *Alabama* have been as familiar to English ears as to those of his own countrymen, but no complete history has hitherto been written of the part taken by them in the war. A year or two since a book was published professing to contain an account of the voyages of the two ships, but Captain, or, as we must now call him, Admiral, Semmes says that this book is not authentic, and that the writer of it performed his task in a superficial and incomplete way. He has now himself taken the pen in hand, and in a volume of 800 pages has completely exhausted the subject. A comprehensive and minute narrative is given of the commencement of the war, which found the author in the service of the United States, and holding a lucrative position as secretary of the Lighthouse Board. This he at once resigned, and placed his sword at the service of the seceded States, by whom he was intrusted with the task of forming a navy. At that time the Confederates did not possess a single ship of war; they had dockyards, but no means of building vessels, and the naval stores in their possession were but scanty. Everything they required had either to be manufactured by themselves or obtained from abroad, whilst their opponents were rich in ships foundries, and vast stores of every description. To form a fleet even of the most modest dimensions seemed a Herculean task, but, difficult as was the work assigned to him, Captain Semmes threw himself into it with energy; and, in spite of all obstacles, the *Sumter* was in a few months fully equipped for sea. A new difficulty here presented itself: the reel was in the bottle, but how was it to be got out? In other words, the *Sumter* was afloat in the Mississippi, and her commander anxious to start on his voyage, but the mouth of the river was blockaded by the enemy's ships. How these were eluded, and how, one fine day, the *Sumter* found herself in blue water with the blockading fleet far astern, is graphically told; and few readers who forget the real character of the ship will read the account without sharing in the excitement of the proceedings. Once at liberty, no time was lost in capturing Federal merchantmen. One gallant ship after another had to strike her colours to the daring little craft, and nearly all shared the same fate; the torch was applied, and, after burning to the water's edge, they sank into the depths of ocean. This part of the narrative is a melancholy one: justified by the stern rules of war it may be, but still our sympathies must be far more with the captured than with the captor. This is particularly the case with the whaling ships, many of which, after years employed in battling with the ice of the poles, were returning to port, their crews anticipating in a few days to see their homes again. An affecting incident is told of the captain of one of these vessels, who, with tears in his eyes, besought Semmes to spare his ship, of which he was part-owner, and the loss of which would bring him to ruin. We are sorry to say that the request was refused, and that the unhappy seaman had to watch the destruction of his property.

The voyage was, however, only occasionally varied by incidents such as these. The cruise extended over a great part of the world, and the favourable reception which the *Sumter* and her crew met with in nearly every port which she visited is attributed by Captain Semmes to a sympathy with the Confederate cause. We venture to think that it was in a great measure due to the courteous behaviour of himself and his crew, of which so many instances are given. Southerners, as a rule, have ever been distinguished for their politeness, and the captain and his officers appear to have formed no exceptions to the rest of their countrymen. The crew, too, were kept under strict regulations, and the discipline of a man-of-war

\* My Adventures Afloat. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. London: Bentley.



was invariably enforced. On the arrival of the ship at any place, the authorities found in her commander a man who, whilst tenacious of his rights and of the respect due to the service which he represented, was at the same time obedient to the local regulations, however trivial or vexatious these might be. Considering the anomalous position held by the Confederate States, the highest credit is due to the author for his tact in avoiding giving umbrage to or in any way compromising the neutral Powers during his cruises. The *Sumter's* career ended at Gibraltar, where the captain and crew took leave of her. After a visit to Nassau, Captain Semmes proceeded to Liverpool to take command of the *Alabama*.

The chapter relating to the building and equipment of this world-renowned vessel will be studied with interest by those who wish to form an opinion as to the merits of the controversy to which her name has been given. According to Admiral Semmes, who is rather a doubtful authority on the point, our country is wholly free from liability. It is possible that the points which he urges, and the cases which he cites, may be made use of in the forthcoming arbitration. It is at least to be hoped that in future international law and the duties of neutral States towards belligerents will be more clearly defined, and placed upon a more secure and tangible basis.

The cruise of the *Alabama* was very similar to that of her predecessor; from her greater speed, she was, however, enabled to do greater mischief. Some of her chases must have been exciting enough. A clipper ship would keep ahead of her for hours, using every effort to escape, but all in vain: a shotted gun was irresistible; the sails were clewed up, and the capture soon effected. Sometimes tricks were played by neutral vessels which refused to show their colours, and led the cruiser many a mile before the mistake was discovered. In reading the book we cannot but be struck with the fact that, during the cruises of the two ships, an enemy's man-of-war was met with in so few instances, and this appears extraordinary, considering the great number of vessels in the Federal service. Once only did a combat take place between the *Alabama* and an adversary until the memorable one off Cherbourg. In fact, the United States appeared too much intent upon blockading the Southern ports to bestow a thought upon the protection of their commerce, and the consequence was that the Confederates had it all their own way upon the seas. The concluding chapters contain the final act of the drama; and describe the celebrated encounter in which the *Alabama* was improved off the surface of the seas. These chapters are eloquently written; and the volume altogether is a vivid and interesting one, full of dramatic details and picturesque writing.

Hitherto we have spoken of the merits of the book; but it is necessary that we should also point out its principal fault. We are sorry to see that at this lapse of time, after the conclusion of peace, and when the efforts of American statesmen are directed towards healing the breaches caused by the war, Admiral Semmes should have made use of language breathing an inveterate hostility towards the Northern States, and that even the foul assassination of President Lincoln should be spoken of rather as an act of retributive justice than as a cowardly murder. Whilst the conflict was raging, warmth of expression might be fully pardonable; but now that it is over, the future well-being of the country will be insured far more by a mutual forgetfulness of injuries and wrongs than by keeping alive the angry passions which tore asunder a mighty nation.

#### ALL BUT LOST.\*

THE author of this book is known to the public as the special correspondent of the *Standard* during the Abyssinian expedition, and his letters from the camp, which were read with great interest, were afterwards collected and republished under the title of "The March to Magdala." Instead of chronicling the movements of armies and the incidents of a campaign, he now offers to the public a tale of English domestic life. We are inclined to suspect that the first portion at least of the book was written some years since, and that the original idea with which it was commenced has been considerably modified. The time chosen for the opening of the tale is the year 1848, a year which saw the French monarchy converted into a republic, and nearly the whole continent of Europe in a blaze with the struggle of nations against despotism. Many of us will remember the Chartist agitation, which at one

time threatened to assume formidable proportions, and which, thanks to the vigorous measures adopted by the Government, backed by the moral support of the middle classes, was happily suppressed without bloodshed. Londoners can recall the 10th of April in that year, when the city was garrisoned by tens of thousands of special constables, when the Bank and other public buildings were fortified in anticipation of an attack by an army of excited revolutionists. How the whole affair collapsed ignominiously, how the monster petition was quietly presented to the House and speedily forgotten, and how Chartism died a natural death, is it not written in the journals of the day? So far as the book contains a warning to working men against democratic opinions, it reads like an almanack out of date, for have we not lived to see a Conservative Government originate and carry an extreme reduction of the suffrage, and to hear ideas pronounced revolutionary in 1848 advocated by "Constitutional" statesmen in 1867?

If to give such a warning was the author's intention when he began his book, we are glad to find that he speedily abandoned his plan. The religious novel, as a rule, is unsatisfactory, and the political one still more so. Albert Smith used to enumerate among the types of dullness story-books written with a high moral purpose, and we quite agree with him. Such books must necessarily be impostors. Readers take them up for amusement, not for instruction; and are apt to say hard things of the author if they find that the story is but a disguise for enunciating some peculiar ideas upon religion or other matters, perhaps very worthy of consideration in their proper place, but certainly not in the pages of a novel. The consequence is that the fiction spoils the ethics, just as Charles Lamb said about brandy and water—two good things apart, but not in conjunction.

We must, however, taking the book as a whole, pronounce favourably upon it. The first volume, which introduces the several characters, gives no clue whatever to the story, and it is not until we get well into the second volume that we can form any idea of the plot. The various persons appear at the outset to be so wide apart that it is difficult to conceive what bearing they can have upon the general narrative, or how they can be in any degree connected with each other. But as the story progresses one after another is brought upon the scene, and the skill with which this is done is remarkable. Heterogeneous as they appear, they are one by one worked into the tapestry until the result is a pleasing combination of colours. The merit of the book consists in this, that each individual has something to do with the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, and this not in a forced or unnatural way, but as necessary to the development of the tale. Without being a sensational novel, as the term is now used, there is yet sufficient incident to keep the reader's attention absorbed to the end, and this is high praise in the present day, when authors consider that a spice of the seven deadly sins is necessary to give their works a flavour. Whilst saying this, we are bound to admit that few, if any, of the characters are entirely new, or that the situations are thoroughly original. The main idea of the plot reminds us of that in "Archie Lovell," where the villain of the story contrives to throw suspicion upon an innocent relative; but, if the hypothesis with which we started is correct, that the book before us is of no recent date, the similarity between the two is merely a coincidence.

#### FRANZ SCHUBERT.\*

SCHUBERT's father was a schoolmaster, and his mother was a cook. In any other country but Germany we should scarcely expect to find the son of such parents exhibit musical genius; but in the Rhine-land the taste for this art is not limited to a class. Franz Peter Schubert, the subject of these volumes, was born January 31, 1797, at Vienna, in the suburb of Himmelfortgrund, in the parish of Lichenthal. From his earliest years his partiality for music was remarkable. When a mere child he was brought to a carpenter's workshop by a schoolfellow, where he ferreted out an old piano, on which he was constantly practising. In his eighth year his father taught him the violin, and sent him for singing lessons to Michael Holzer, choirmaster in Lichenthal. Here he astounded his master by his faculty of extemporization, so much so that the latter would exclaim on hearing him, "He has harmony at his fingers' ends." His brother Ignar gave him a course of piano instructions, but soon found himself hopelessly distanced by his pupil. Hellborn says that, with the exception of Mozart, Schubert was one of the most extraordinary prodigies that ever

\* All but Lost. A Novel. By G. A. Henty, Author of "The March to Magdala." Three vols. London: Tinsleys.

\* The Life of Franz Schubert. Translated from the German of Kreisler von Hellborn, by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A. With an Appendix by George Grove, Esq. Two vols. London: Longmans.



lived. At the age of eleven Schubert was employed as a solo singer and violin-player in the parish church of Lichenthal. He was required afterwards to stand a sort of competitive examination before the two court capellmeisters of the day, Salieri and Eybler, and his performances were so brilliant that his admission as a chorister in the chapel royal and as a pupil in what Mr. Coleridge translates as the "Convict" followed immediately. In this situation he had some admirable training. The lads in his division not only studied theoretically, but were obliged each day to execute the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Schubert rapidly advanced, and was promoted to the post of first violin in the little orchestra. He was now thirteen, and commenced to note down his fancies at such a rate "that, for want of music-paper, he was frequently unable to preserve them." It is almost incredible to believe that his early efforts included "songs, masses, sonatas, and operas;" but it is certainly gratifying to learn that the majority of these tentatives were afterwards thrown aside by Schubert. It would seem that he was so devoted to the one art that he did not attend to the learning of books, and was frequently put back for re-examination. His musical progress, however, was wonderful—his fertility amazing. He had to contend with poverty, which, when associated with youth and a healthy appetite, exercises a depressing influence upon an artist. He writes to his brother to say that, though he is content with his position at the Convict, yet it is hard to wait "eight hours and a half after a poor dinner for a meagre supper." Could not his brother supply him with a few kreutzers monthly in order to tide over the distressing interval with the aid of an apple and a roll of bread? "The few groschen," he remarks plaintively, "my father gave me are all gone to the devil." Possibly this material emptiness left room for the play of ideas, and sensibility was nourished in the windy banquets of the choir. This, at least, would seem to be the effect of Schubert's straits, for he never ceased gushing with works of all kinds, from the merest trifles up to schemes for operas and symphonies. These pieces, it is confessed by his biographers (for whose grain of candour in a bushel of panegyric we are thankful), were rather imitative than original. Von Hellborn's method of putting this is a good specimen of euphemism, for he says that Schubert "still adhered to the forms of the masterpieces by the great men who preceded him."

When the period arrived at which Schubert's voice broke, he left the Convict, after being a resident there for five years. His father wished to make a schoolmaster of him, and sent him to teach the A B C class, but his sister Therese has observed that he was strict and ill-tempered with the children "and often kept his hands in practice (for the piano?) on their ears." He continued, however, to compose all the same, and, we surmise, to neglect the scholars, or at least to attend only to their ears. He wrote a mass for the centenary festival of the parish church of Lichenthal, which he conducted in person. Salieri embraced him after the performance, exclaiming, "Franz, you are my pupil, and will do me great honour." On May 15, 1814, he finished an opera, called "Des Teufels Lustschloss," the plot of which is given here with an intolerable prosiness and word-spinning. In 1815 (ætat. 18) we have from his pen "over a hundred songs, half a dozen operas and melodramas, not to mention church music, chamber music, and music for the piano." No wonder that his biographer should express astonishment at such fecundity; that he should feel a pleasure and gratification at it is to our minds a proof that he has more respect for quantity as quantity than is consistent with a true critical temper. It would be impossible for us to give a readable synopsis of the dry and very unreadable accounts of many of these works contained in Von Hellborn's book. Nothing can be drearier than his interminable catalogue, unrelieved as it is by a single gleam of intelligent or illuminative comment, and enveloped in heavy sentences, whose weight seems to have been intensified by the process of translation. We do not by this mean to convey that Mr. Coleridge has not done his business faithfully; he is accurate enough; but Von Hellborn unquestionably belongs to the tribe of ponderous biographers. To return, however, to Schubert. Passing to his personal character as far as we can perceive by the awkward delineations of Von Hellborn, he seems to have been a commonplace individual enough. Schubert's artist life was uninteresting; Schubert's inner life is made uninteresting. Von Hellborn complains that he has not had the opportunities possessed by those who collected the letters of Mozart and the letters of Mendelssohn. He has before him only a few jottings from Schubert's diary. There he exhibits a poetical, nervous temperament, without the tender and wide feeling of Mendelssohn, or anything of Mendelssohn's culture. Some of the remarks are as feeble and pointless as copybook proverbs. He was not at all burdened

with an excess of modesty, and evidently thought his remarks were charged with sentimental truth, instead of mere sentimental affectation. Indeed, it is difficult for the most impressionable hero-worshipper to get up an enthusiasm on the score of Schubert as he appears from these volumes. He must be judged by his music, which, however, cannot be said to be popular here. If Schubert is ever to become so in this country, he will owe more to Mr. Manns and Mr. Grove than to Von Hellborn or Mr. Coleridge. He is not at all a prophet in Germany; and it remains to be seen whether he will be accepted as a "tone-poet" at the Crystal Palace.

Schubert's story is no story at all, and it is told in the most confused and wearisome fashion. The notes attached to the text give biographies of every man, woman, and child that ever was connected with the composer, and dull uneventful biographies they invariably are. It is no new thing to learn that Schubert was improvident and fond of wine. He had a decided taste for low company, and he cultivated it liberally. This inclination his biographer calls a desire "for perfect freedom of action," a laudable wish, no doubt, which contributes towards the reinforcement of Mormonism and the increase of vagabonds generally everywhere. Nor is his career relieved by an agreeable love episode; he had one, certainly, but he dropped it as a lazy and a sensual man would who writes of marriage as either a melancholy or a degrading subject. In congenial society his notion of fun was to sing one of his own ballads through the teeth of a comb. "His laugh was not that of ordinary mirth, it consisted of a hoarse suppressed chuckle." At times he would fuddle himself into a condition of imbecility, and would even "booze in solitude." Occasionally we are told he "steeped himself in liquor" before composing. We are informed, as a sort of fact in his favour, that "he was somewhat indifferent to the charms of the fair sex," which we beg leave to regard as a sign of an imperfect character, if not of worse, especially when it is followed up by a statement that "he revelled in sentimental friendships." Mr. Grove's appendix is the most readable chapter in the two volumes, and although, as we said before, we do not think his labours to "discover" Schubert will be recompensed as we perceive he desires they should be—by a popular appetite for them, yet not the less praise is due to him for his zeal in the artistic pilgrimage which, in company with Mr. Manns, he took in search of Schubert's writings.

#### THE IMMORALITY OF MR. TENNYSON.\*

THE current number of the *Dublin Review* contains a really able notice of Mr. Senior's and Mr. Trench's books on Ireland, and is not one whit too severe upon either of them. It also contains some good metaphysico-theological writing; but an article on the "Principles of Catholic Higher Education" is amusing as well as able. It announces, in terms which deserve to be reproduced and extensively noted, the present view of Catholics who are called "liberal" upon the freedom of the press:—

"If there is one doctrine more uniformly assumed by Protestants than another as the simplest matter of course, it is that liberty of worship and of the press confer a real benefit on society. The civilization of one period in comparison with another is commonly measured by the degree of 'toleration' respectively prevalent in the two. Now this doctrine has again and again been condemned by the Church in every variety of shape. Indeed there is hardly a Pontifical Act that can be named, as we have repeatedly argued, in regard to which there are such multifarious and incontrovertible proofs of its *ex cathedra* and infallible character as the 'Mirari vos.' Listen to its emphatic lessons:—'And from this most corrupt source of indifferencism flows that absurd and erroneous opinion, or rather insanity, that liberty of conscience is to be asserted and vindicated for every man. To which most pestilent error a way is prepared by that full and unrestrained liberty of opinions which is spreading far and wide to the ruin both of religious and civil interests. . . . To this may be referred that liberty—most foul and never sufficiently to be execrated and detested—that liberty of the bookselling trade to publish any kind of writings, which some men dare to demand and promote with so much violence. We shudder, venerable brethren, in beholding with what monsters of doctrines, or rather with what portents of errors, we are overwhelmed—which are disseminated everywhere far and wide by the immense multitude of books, and by tracts and writings, which are small indeed in bulk, but in wickedness very large, and from which a curse has gone forth over the face of the earth which we lament with tears.' Such are the principles which the Church has placed before Catholics in an infallible decree, as those by which the facts of history are to be estimated. Liberty of worship and of the press, she teaches, are not in themselves goods, but heavy calamities."

This is complete in itself, but it will well bear a little reflected light from another part of the same paper, in which the author

\* *The Dublin Review*. No. XXIII, January. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.



quotes with approbation a passage from a Roman Catholic work under review:—

"Look across the length and breadth of the country. . . . Read the light literature of the day, from Tennyson's 'Vivien' or 'Enoch Arden,' to the penny sporting paper, with its notices of pugilistic encounters and dog-fights, and with its still more foul advertisements. Cast your eyes upon the book-stalls in our crowded railway stations—one broad mass of yellow-ochre, so covered are they with exciting, sensational, and, to say the very best of it, most dubious morality. See the teeming press; mark its tone; read its leading articles; note its favourite topics; observe its hatred, its fear, of the only really antagonistic power to itself."

The fun of the connection between the Laureate's poetry and the penny sporting paper, pugilistic encounters, and dog-fights, is not bad; but it is quite eclipsed by that of the shaky logic in the next sentence. The argument, more exactly stated, stands thus: So dubious is the morality of the book-stalls at our crowded railway stations, that they are one broad mass of yellow ochre. Or thus:—

Wherever there is yellow ochre there is dubious morality.  
Railway bookstalls are one mass of yellow ochre.  
Therefore the morality of railway bookstalls is dubious.

As for Mr. Tennyson, we have always thought his morality positively *bourgeois* in tone. For example, at the end of "Enid" we read, of Geraint and his wife,—

"In their halls arose  
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints  
Of times to be;"

which is really like the close of a *bourgeois* novel. But it seems that "Vivien" and "Enoch Arden" are improper. "Pray, sir," said the tax-gathering uncle to Nicholas Nickleby, "do you consider the French a cheerful language?" It was a beautiful question, but this Roman Catholic critic has suggested a better. "Pray, sir, do you consider Mr. Tennyson a moral writer?"

#### THE MAGAZINES.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S article "On the Physical Basis of Life" in the *Fortnightly Review* is more remarkable for its clear lines of argument, and for one or two important disclaimers, than for much scientific novelty. In not a few notices that have appeared upon this remarkable contribution to our magazine-literature, the photoplasmic movement and reproduction of simple cells are talked of as something very like a new discovery. However, Professor Huxley is not responsible for any such blunders; and what this article seems to us to be chiefly notable for is the vigorous protest recorded by the writer against the indiscriminate use of the names "materialist" and "materialism," as terms of reproach, by people who do not seem to know the signification of the words. Professor Huxley says that he, individually, believes materialism to involve grave philosophical error, although he is forced to use materialistic terminology. Speaking of Comte, he is a little rhetorical and somewhat confused. He finds in the Positive Philosophy "little or nothing of any scientific value;" and, in the next page, doctrines which contain the spirit of the scientific attitude of Positivism he points out to be the most characteristic doctrines of David Hume, to whose opinions he elsewhere gives assent. Comte may have been absurd in his theological notions, and he may have been anticipated in his scientific notions; but a lack of originality in any opinion is not a lack of value. The opinion remains the same; the plagiarist, or reproducer, suffers. Within its own limits, nevertheless, this article of Professor Huxley's seems to us, on the whole, to be unanswerable; and we need only add, for the benefit of those who have rather odd conceptions about "materialism," that no one is likely to point out so clearly as Professor Huxley has done that the whole argument does move within limits. The question is not religious, but scientific; although we should not be surprised to see the *Rock* or *Record* pick out of the motion of chlorophyll granules a secret aider and abettor of Antichrist. We cannot refrain from quoting *verbatim* some passages from this striking and important article:—

"But if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism and most other 'isms,' lie outside 'the limits of philosophical inquiry,' and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a sceptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice. If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus,

I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. . . . We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events. Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try it. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest; and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology, or one set of symbols, rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind, that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols. . . . But the man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulae and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician, who should mistake the *x's* and *y's*, with which he works his problems, for real entities—and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life."

Mr. W. B. Scott's poem, "A Prodigal," is affected and poor. Mr. Stack's criticism of Anthony Trollope is practically a eulogy. Among the rest of the contents of the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Beesly's paper on "Necker and Calonne" stands conspicuous.

There is in *Fraser* a bright and genial paper on "William Morris and Matthew Arnold" by "Shirley." "Shirley" has some claim to be heard upon the question of Morris's place among contemporary poets, for he says, "Eight years ago I ventured to predict in this magazine that he would ere long take a first place in England's roll of poets: the reader is now in a position to judge in what fashion and in what measure this anticipation has been realized." As yet, we should say that the anticipation has not been realized at all. Mr. Morris is full of a remarkable promise, and much that he has written is excellent of its kind; but the man who means to take a first place in England's roll of poets must do something more than Mr. Morris has done. There is a poem in *Fraser* by Mrs. Burton, referring to an incident connected with her husband and Captain Speke. The verses are commonplace—where they are intelligible.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* gives us a criticism of "Hamlet," supposed to be written by a contemporary critic. Mr. Shirley Brooks need not have added his name to this bit of quaint and characteristic humour, every paragraph of which betrays its origin. Indeed, many of the sly hints in this capital skit will be missed by those who are not conversant with the conditions which actually do limit dramatic criticism. The present rule of the dramatic critic—and we presume the rule has always held good—is "damn the piece and praise the actors." Here is the conclusion of the criticism of "Mr. Shakspeare's new play":—

"We have only to add that it was admirably acted by all the performers, to whom, indeed, the author will owe any share of success, if any be obtained, now that the packed audience have separated. The labels descriptive of the scenes were boldly and beautifully written, and the arras was hung with exquisite neatness. The prompter was seldom wanted, but when required he gave the cue with a promptitude and adroitness which deserve all credit. The fruitsellers were in clean clothes, their civility was remarkable, and their wares excellent, and in fact all concerned had done their work perfectly, with the exception of the author, to whom we really must tender counsel that he abandon a walk of literature for which he is perfectly unfitted; and give his attention to the commercial pursuits, from which, if report speaks true, he withdrew in an evil hour to attempt success as a dramatist."

*Temple Bar* contains a judicious and sensible article on Byron, in connection with the memoirs recently published by the Countess Guiccioli. "A Merchant" continues his experiences of prison-life, and throws out some valuable suggestions. The first of the "Letters from Spain" is clever and dashing—a trifle garrulous, perhaps, and inclined to the mention of insignificant trifles. "Susan Fielding" is very pleasantly and brightly written. There is also in this number an article on "What Married Men would do"—in the event of all the existing marriage-ties being broken.

In the *Belgravia* we get a certain distance into the plot of "My Enemy's Daughter." Every reader must have foreseen that the great prima donna was the poor Charlotte of former days. The style of this story is one of its pleasantest features—clear, easy, and natural. Mr. Stigand's article on Lord Byron, shows information, and is readable. Mr. Sala's "Warning to Young Ladies" is, we presume, a joke. It is very clever, however, in illustration. Indeed, Mr. Sala always writes best when he has no subject. "At Bay," by Mr. Sawyer, is dramatic and vigorous; the picture attached is absurd.

The *Cornhill* has an opportune and apparently trustworthy account of a French election. The article on Browning is not remarkable in itself, but it gives a temperate estimate of Browning's



special characteristics and position. "That Boy of Norcott's" has not much story in it; but it is full of clever and pointed sketching.

*Macmillan's Magazine* does not exhibit a very lively number this month. It may be safe and good, but it is not brilliant. Mr. Matthew Arnold publishes a lecture he delivered from his professorial chair at Oxford "On the Modern Element of Literature." To a couple of papers, supposed to be written by two girls, we may refer again. In the mean time it may be said that the one is foolish, and the other dull. There is a spirited little article on "The Last of Nelson's Captains," by Mr. Thomas Hughes; an elegy on Lord Strangford; one or two political papers, and the usual instalment of fiction.

The *St. James's* has the most attractive table of contents of any of this month's magazines, and yet, strange to say, the number is disappointing. The selection of topics reflects credit upon the editor; their cursory and insufficient treatment betrays haste or "amateurishness" on the part of the writers. "Modern Miracles," for example, has for its subject all that Cagliostro element which George Sand works into her "Comtesse de Rudolstadt," and yet it tells us nothing. "Political Positivism" says a few things about Comtism in general, and scarcely anything about "Political Positivism," which is a very remarkable modern manifestation. And Heinrich Heine—but we cannot speak with patience of these attempted translations of the inimitable lyrics of Heine, in which we find—

"Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn"

translated into—

"And there, where the wavelets are dancing,  
He sank with the setting sun," &c.

But they are not all equally bad. Here, for instance, is a fair translation of the charming "Du bist wie eine Blume":—

"So fair, and pure, and tender,  
A very flower thou art;  
I gaze on thee, and sadness  
Hath slid into my heart.

I lift my hands to bless thee,  
And murmur unaware,  
'May God preserve thee ever,  
So tender, pure, and fair.'

*Once a Week* is very good; but it is going to be better. It has hitherto been the object of the editor to give the magazine as much of a weekly character as possible—that is to say, to choose subjects with more or less reference to the current topics of popular interest. The difficulty of succeeding in this aim lies in the fact that nearly all such magazines are sent to press ten days or a fortnight before the day of publication. We understand that it is contemplated to draw the days of printing and publication so much closer in the case of *Once a Week* as to admit of the magazine having a distinctive weekly character. This will certainly be a novelty; and under Mr. Dallas's experienced guidance, we have no doubt of the magazine continuing as attractive as it is at present, while offering additional interest in its choice of contemporary subjects. If Messrs. Bradbury & Evans would only remove the ghastly cover!—representing a heavily-laden and rather ugly angel flying through an inky empyrean, which is inclosed in a border resembling the edge of a cheap teacup. The artistic merits of the pages of *Once a Week* should not be compromised by such a forbidding exterior. In the present number there is a drawing by S. L. Fildes, which is full of grace and fine feeling.

Upon Mr. George Stott's estimate of Charles Dickens, in this month's *Contemporary*, we spoke at length last week. The *Contemporary* is almost a clergyman's magazine, and its contents are, as a rule, more or less esoteric. There are several subjects, however, in the present number, of general interest, handled by men who ought to be authorities.

*St. Pauls* on "The New Cabinet, and what it will do for us," is a trifle "cheeky." The article contains further a scheme for the distribution of the Irish Church endowments among the religious bodies of Ireland, which is merely one of those half-hearted expedients not likely to remove a pressing evil. The German story is very pretty and touching; and so accurate in its details as to impress one with a sense of its truth as a narrative.

We have also received—the *Broadway*, the *London*, *Good Words*, *Britannia*, *Good Words for the Young*, the *Argosy*, the *Anglo-Colonial*, the *Art Journal*, *Dublin University Magazine*, the *Month*, the *Register*, *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, the *West End Magazine*, *Kettledrum*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Young Gentleman's Magazine*, *Mission Life*, *Golden Hours*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Cassell's Popular Educator*, the *Gardener's Magazine*, the *Lamp*, *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Quiver*, and the *Sunday Magazine*.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*A Home for the Homeless, or Union with God.* By Horace Field, B.A. Lond., Author of "Heroism," &c. (Longmans.)

Mr. Field asserts of his book that it "contains, among other things, interpretations of the ordinary creeds of Christianity." This is rather a light way of referring to a subject which is generally regarded with solemnity. It would seem that we may toss in Christianity as a

makeweight to a book—as one of a lot of miscellaneous articles, too numerous to mention in all their details. Having thus resolved to discuss the Christian creeds, "among other things," Mr. Field considered it incumbent on him to make all his Biblical quotations from the revised edition of Samuel Sharpe, since that edition can "claim especial authority as a correct representation of the original." He has included in his work many verses—some blank, some in rhyme—which he considers "add to the wholeness and roundness of the book;" yet he adds that if the reader likes to skip these, "he will find the prose still remains complete without them." The two statements sound like a contradiction; but we will not dispute either. The volume seems to us to be an ordinary piece of mystical theology.

*Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, 1868.* By Sir F. H. Doyle, Bart., M.A., B.C.L., late Fellow of All Souls, Professor of Poetry. (Macmillan & Co.)

As successor to Mr. Matthew Arnold, Sir F. H. Doyle has had to address the students of Oxford on the subject of poetry. Being himself a poet, he possesses some right to instruct others in the divine art; and in the three lectures here printed he has shown himself not uninstructed in the canons of criticism. The style he has adopted is a light and popular one—perhaps a little too much so, for the lecturer sometimes jokes and tells stories where he should be expounding principles. But his observations, if not profound, are often sensible and to the purpose. The Inaugural Lecture treats of the subject of poetry in general, and defends the art, as practised by second-rate hands, from the unnecessarily fierce denunciations of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin. The other two discourses are on "Provincial Poetry" (in which Mr. Barnes's Dorsetshire lyrics are highly but judiciously praised), and on Dr. Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." The lecturer's judgment on the "Dream" strikes us as very fair, discriminating, and just. It tallies, indeed, very closely with that which we expressed in these columns at the time of the original publication of the poem, some considerable time ago.

*Insect Architecture.* By James Rennie. New Edition, much enlarged, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., Author of "Homes without Hands," &c., with nearly Two Hundred Illustrations. (Bell & Daldy.)

Mr. Rennie's work was originally published several years since, and, as much additional knowledge has been obtained since that time, the publishers of the present edition placed it in the hands of the Rev. J. G. Wood, with a request that he would supply additional matter. This he has accordingly done, and no living man is more competent to discharge such an office worthily. In most cases his additions have been accompanied by figures drawn from the specimens described, some of which specimens are in Mr. Wood's own collection, though the greater number are to be found in the British Museum. Mr. Wood tells us that he has not been at liberty to alter or expunge, and is therefore not responsible for any portion of the letter-press except those passages which are inclosed in brackets. This would seem to hint some doubt on the part of the annotator as to whether the original is in all respects reliable. If so, it is to be regretted that the work was not revised throughout, so as to place it in harmony with the existing state of knowledge. The volume, however, is full of interest and instruction.

*Leaves from the Poets' Laurels.* Selected, arranged, and prefaced by Emma, Lady Wood. (Moxon, Son, & Co.)

Selections of poetry are almost as old as poetry itself. Doubtless there are "nosegays" more ancient than the Greek "Anthology" with which we are familiar, and the poems of Homer are supposed by some to be a number of detached pieces by various authors, strung together by some almost inspired editor. Lady Wood is discontented with "Dodsley's Miscellany," as in some respects she is entitled to be, though, as she admits, it contains several admirable poems, and is interesting as a representative work. The present volume (which is very elegantly brought out) contains the writings of none but modern poets, ranging from Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, &c., down to singers now living and working. The selection, has, we think, been judiciously made, and Lady Wood is to be thanked for furnishing us with a charming work. The frontispiece is described as from an inedited portrait of Shakespeare—a very epicene Shakespeare, we must say. We should like to hear more of the original.

*Sermons for Boys; or, Memorials of Cheltenham Sundays.* By Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London; and late Principal of Cheltenham College. (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)

The sermons contained in this volume were preached at Cheltenham College, and are now printed with but slight verbal alteration. They follow for the most part the course of the ecclesiastical year, and touch on the chief religious features of school life. Mr. Barry says he has endeavoured to avoid "preaching at" his young auditors, or harping too much on their peculiarities as boys. He has aimed at



the exposition of doctrine, and has not shrunk from introducing some matters which are beyond the ordinary comprehension of youth, but which will be understood in time. The sermons, no doubt, are conscientiously written; but they strike us as too dogmatic—too much occupied with mystical questions—for boyish listeners or readers, who are chiefly concerned with plain points of morals.

*A German Grammar, a Companion to Dr. Ahn's German Method.* By H. W. Just. (Longmans.)

This seems to us to be a good idea spoiled. There is no simpler or better method for teaching a young student German, than Dr. Ahn's method; and an accurate grammar, to which he might on occasion refer for rules and guidance, would be eminently serviceable. The present effort to supply the want is feeble and fragmentary. The very first rule is an absurdity—"All monosyllables are masculine, except about 120 feminine and 160 neuter." Of what value is such a rule, when the exceptions are not given? Then there is not a line about the formation of the plural of substantives. Further into the book we need not venture.

*Doctor Syntax's Three Tours in Search of the Picturesque, Consolation, and a Wife.* By Wm. Combe. (J. C. Hotten.)

This is an old friend who makes his appearance again before the public, in one volume, with all the well-known, quaint-coloured plates. Prefixed to the Doctor's Tours is a life of the author, who is stated to have been the most voluminous English writer since the days of De-foe. Wm. Combe, or Duke Combe (as he was called in the days of his prosperity) was the contemporary and acquaintance of Sterne, Thomas Lord Lyttelton, Charles James Fox, and William Beckford. His life was rich in promise, but the last twenty years of it he spent as a prisoner for debt within the liberties of the Fleet. It was there he wrote his numerous works, a list of which is appended to his memoir.

We have briefly to acknowledge the receipt of several new editions. The *Memoirs of Baron Bunsen*, by his widow (Longmans & Co.), have appeared in an abridged and corrected form, and are now given to the world in two volumes of less portentous size than those of last year. In noticing the original edition of this biography in our issue of May 2, 1868, we regretted that it had not been kept within more moderate limits; and we are therefore glad to meet with the work once more in its present shape.—The Rev. William Kirkus, LL.B., has issued a second edition of the second series of his *Miscellaneous Essays* (Longmans & Co.). Some of these papers have already appeared in reviews and magazines; but, being thoughtfully written, they are worthy of preservation in a more permanent form.—The *Science of Arithmetic*, by James Cornwell, Ph.D., and Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), has reached its twelfth edition, and can well dispense with any praise from us.—In a similar spirit, we need do little more than announce the production of new editions of Dr. White's *Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the Use of Junior Students* (Longmans & Co.), to the excellence of which we have testified on former occasions.

We have also to acknowledge:—*Liddon's University Sermons* (Rivingtons);—*Jerome Lock* (Freeman);—*Phrenological Stump Orations*, by Dr. Merrydog (McCallum);—*Cassell's Primary Series: The Girl's First Reader; Elementary Geography; The Boy's First Reader* (Cassell);—*On Going to Sleep* (Hardwicke);—*From Hastings to Waterloo* (Whittaker);—*Right Lines in their Right Places*, by Ellis A. Davidson (Cassell);—*Logarithmisch-Trigonometrische Tafeln mit sechs Decimalstellen*, von Dr. C. Brenicker (Nutt);—*The Railway Banking, Mining, Insurance, and Commercial Almanack for 1869*, edited by William Page Smith (Simpkin & Marshall);—Part I. revised edition of *Chambers's Miscellany* (W. & R. Chambers);—*The Three Irish Churches*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. (John Murray);—Part XIV. *Bible Animals*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Longmans);—*Invention of the Electric Telegraph*, reprinted from the *Scientific Review* (Simpkin & Marshall);—*The Church in Ireland*, by Thomas Andrews (Longmans);—*The Irish Church: Its Disestablishment and Disendowment*, by Charles H. Todd, Esq., LL.D. (Rivingtons);—*The Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low);—*A Practical Plan for Assimilating the English and American Money as a Step towards a Universal Money*, by Walter Bagehot, reprinted from the *Economist* (Longmans);—*The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows*, by Francis G. P. Neeson, Jun., A.I.A. (Layton);—*The Charities of London*, by Thomas Hawksley, M.D. (Churchill);—*The Present Aspect of the Ritual Question*, by Charles Walker (Church Press Company);—Part XXX. of *Johnson's Dictionary*, by Dr. R. G. Latham (Longmans);—*A Sermon Preached at the Consecration of the Lord Bishop of Bombay*, by Henry W. Burrows B.D. (Parker);—*Sessional Papers, 1868-9, No. 5* (Royal Institute of British Architects).

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Addison's Law of Contracts. 6th edit. By L. W. Cave. Royal 8vo., £1. 18s.  
 Allies (T.), The Formation of Christendom. Part II. 8vo., 12s.  
 Armstrong (G. F.), Poems. Fcap., 6s.  
 Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Edited by W. A. Wright. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Beauclerk (Lady Di), Summer and Winter in Norway. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Belgravia. Vol. VII. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Bilton (C.), Class and Standard Series of Reading Books. Book III. 12mo., 9d.  
 Book of Scottish Pasquils, 1568-1715. Cr. 8vo., 18s.  
 Bowden (Rev. J.), Naturalist in Norway. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Calendar of Treasury Papers, 1556-1693. By J. Redington. Cr. 8vo., 15s.  
 Capell (E. E.), Songs by the Way. Fcap., 1s.  
 Carlyle (T.), French Revolution. New edit. Vol. I. 8vo., 9s.  
 Cawdor (Earl of), Cottage Plans. 4to., 5s.  
 Churchman's Shilling Magazine. Vol. IV. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Crabb (G.), English Synonyms Explained. New edit. 8vo., 15s.  
 Dawson (Rev. J.), The Saviour in the Workshop. 16mo., 1s.  
 Day (St. John V.), Plates and Notes Relating to Pyramids. Folio, 28s.  
 Debreit's Illustrated Pterage, 1869. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 ———— Baronets, 1869. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 ———— Peerage and Baronets. In 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 17s. 6d.  
 ———— House of Commons, 1869. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 De Ravignan (Father), Life of. By Father Poulevois. 12mo., 9s.  
 Dick (A. H.), Elementary Geography. Part I. 12mo., 6d.  
 Diprose (J.), Account of the Parish of St. Clement Danes. 4to., 12s. 6d.  
 Dodge (Mrs.), The Silver Skates: Life in Holland. 2nd edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Eadie (J.), Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Edla (J.), Musical Sketches Abroad and at Home. 7s. 6d.  
 England's Great Commoners. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 English Church Calendar, 1869. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.  
 ———— Reprints.—Latimer's Seven Sermons. 12mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Evenings at Home in Words of One Syllable. 16mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Experiences of a Game Preserver. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Festu (J.), French Construction. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Fonblanque (A.), How we are Governed. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Gheel, the City of the Simple. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors." Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Calendar, 1869. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.  
 Godefroi (H.) and Shortt (J.), Law of Railway Companies. 8vo., £1. 13s.  
 Gospel (The) in the Book of Joshua. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Goubaud (Madame), Crochet Book. 16mo., 1s.  
 Gray (Mrs.), History of Etruria. Part III. Cr. 8vo., 10s.  
 Gregory (Rev. J. G.), Earth's Eventide. 4th edit. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Hallam (H.), Europe during the Middle Ages. New edit. 3 vols. 8vo., 30s.  
 Harley (J.), The Old Vegetable Neurotics. 8vo., 12s.  
 Homer's Odyssey, Books 5 and 9. In English Verse. By E. D. Witt. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Howitt (W.), The Northern Heights of London. 8vo., 21s.  
 Hutchings (Rev. W.), The Person and Work of the Holy Ghost: Lent Lectures. 8vo., 5s.  
 Ikhwan-as Saffa; or, The Brothers of Purity. Translated from the Hindustanee. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Invalid's (The) Cook. Fcap., 6d.  
 Karcher (T.), Questionnaire Français. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Laxton (H.), Tables for Workmen's Wages. 4to., 2s.  
 Le Brun (L.), Passages for Translating from English into French. 4th edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Legends of St. Augustine, St. Anthony, and St. Cuthbert, in Carlisle Cathedral. 8vo., 10s.  
 Logan (W. H.), A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Lucrezia Borgia: a Biography. By W. Gilbert. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Lytton (Lord), Last Days of Pompeii. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 MacNab (Dr. J.), Immunity from Consumption in the Hebrides. 8vo., 1s.  
 Marshall (J.), Bible Primer. 18mo., 1s.  
 Maxims by a Man of the World. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Mayor (J. E. B.), Greek for Beginners. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Miller (T.), Poetical Language of Flowers. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Murby's Guide to English Spelling. Part I. 12mo., 4d.  
 ———— Scripture Manuals.—St. John. 12mo., 6d.  
 New Testament (The), English Version, with Notes. By C. Tischendorf. 16mo., 1s. 6d., and 2s.  
 Norton (G.), Commentaries on the History of London. 3rd edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 Notes and Queries. 4th series. Vol. II. 4to., 10s. 6d.  
 O'Connor (W. A.), Faith and Works. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Other People's Windows. By Hain Friswell. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Packet (A) of Pestilent Parquils. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Paget (Rev. F. C.), The Owllet of Owlstone Edge. 5th edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Percy Anecdotes (The). New edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Perrier (A.), Mea Culpa. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 7s.  
 Perry (R.), Guide to Scottish History. 18mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Philpotts (M. C.), The Hinford Confirmation: a Tale. 18mo., 1s.  
 Preacher's (The) Portfolio. 2nd series. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Quessel (Abbé), Devotional Commentary on St. Matthew. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Railway and Commercial Gazetteer of England. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Ritchie (Rev. W.), The Prodigal's Return. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Routledge's Guide to London. New edit. 18mo., 1s.  
 Russell (Earl), Third Letter to the Right Hon. O. Fortescue. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Salm-Salm (Prince), New Diary in Mexico in 1867. New edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 24s.  
 Select Library of Fiction.—Milly's Hero. By F. W. Robertson. Fcap., 2s.  
 Selkirk (J. B.), Poems. Fcap., 5s.  
 Shelley (P. B.), Poetical Works. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s.  
 Shrewsbury (W. J.), Memorials of. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
 Smollett (T.), Peregrine Pickle. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Spurgeon (G. H.), John Ploughman's Talk. Fcap., cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Starkie's Law of Slander and Libel. 3rd edit. By H. C. Folkard. Royal 8vo., £1. 12s.  
 Swiss Family Robinson (The) in Words of One Syllable. 16mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Tales of a London Parish. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Thomson (Mr., of Banbury), Memoir and Correspondence of. 8vo., 9s.  
 Threefold Mystery (The): Hints on the Song of Songs. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Town-Talk of Clyde. By Author of "One Foot in the Grave." 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Trevor (G.), Catholic Doctrine of the Eucharist. Fcap., 5s.  
 Trower (Rev. W. J.), Exposition of the Epistles. New edit. 12mo., 2s.  
 Vandervell (H. E.) and Witham (T. M.), System of Figure-Skating. Fcap., 6s.  
 Village Wreath (The). By T. Kenington, T. F. Lockyer, and C. W. Leach. Fcap., 2s.  
 Waddington (J.), Congregational History, 1200-1567. 8vo., 16s.  
 Walker (C.), Devotions on the Communion of Saints. 32mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Warner's Shilling Atlas. New edit. 4to., 1s.  
 White (R.), On the Minor Moralities of Life. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 ———— (J.), Elements of Universal History. New edit. 12mo., 7s.  
 Who's Who? in 169. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Wilkinson (Rev. J. B.), Short Readings.—Advent to Lent. 12mo., 5s. 6d.  
 Windle (S. A.), The Greater than Solomon. 12 Lectures. 16mo., 1s. 6d.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—THE BOARDING SCHOOL.** After which the grand Pantomime, **ROBINSON CRUSOE**; or, Friday and the Fairies. Commence at 7 and terminate at 11. Box office open from 10 till 5.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—At 7, MY WIFE'S OUT.** At a quarter to 8, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **PUSS IN BOOTS**. Characters in the opening by the principal members of the company. Double troupe of pantomimists, and various novelties.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—BLUE DEVILS:** Messrs. Howe, Rogers, Buckstone, jun.; Miss Fanny Wright. After which, **HOME**: Messrs. Sothorn, Chippendale, Compton, Astley, &c.; Messdames Cavenish, Dalton, Hill, &c. Concluding with **THE FRIGHTFUL HAIR**: Messrs. Compton, Kendal, Weathersby, Buckstone, jun., &c.; Messdames Wright, Scott, Gwynn, &c. Commence at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—At 7, DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?** Mr. G. Belmore and Mrs. L. Murray. At a quarter to 8, **THE DEAD HEART**: Messrs. Benjamin Webster, A. Stirling, G. Belmore, R. Phillips, Ashley, Stuart; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Lleanor Grey, &c.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—At 7, THE SECRET.** After which, at 8, **AFTER DARK**, a Tale of London Life: Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Dominick Murray, Mr. D. Leeson; Messrs. C. Harcourt, J. G. Shore, Edmonds, Holston; Miss Emma Barnett and Miss Rose Leclercq. Concluding with **MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY**.

**THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.—At 7, SLASHER AND CRASHER:** Messrs. G. Vincent, J. G. Taylor, and E. Atkins; Miss Schavey and Mrs. Caulfield. After which, at 7.45, **THE YELLOW PASSPORT**: Messrs. Neville, H. Neville, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins, G. Vincent, H. Cooper, H. Vaughan, and H. Wigan; Miss Furtado, Miss Schavey, and Mrs. Caulfield.

**ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—At 7, DEAF AS A POST.** After which, at a quarter to 8, **RED HANDS**: Messrs. Coghlan, Murray, Williams, Flockton, Traff rd, &c.; Messdames Poynter, Lea, Marston, and Miss Lucy Rushton. To conclude with Arda's grand Ballet d'Action; Mlle. de la Ferté; Kiraili Family, and Corps de Ballet of 100.

**GLOBE THEATRE, STRAND.—At 7, A HAPPY FAMILY.** At 7.30, **CYRIL'S SUCCESS**. At 9.40, **BROWN AND THE BRAHMIN**: Messrs. Marshall, Warner, Vernon, David Fisher, Andrews, Newbould, Hurlstone, and J. Clarke; Messdames C. Thorne, Morgan, Brennan, Fountsin, Henrade, Behrend, Hughes, and Stephens.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—At 7, A WIDOW HUNT:** Messrs. Clarke, Belford, Joyce; Messdames Bufton and Maitland. **THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD**: Messrs. Thorne, James, Robson; Messdames Goodall, Hughes, Longmore, Maitland, Claire. And **HUE AND DYE**: Mr. Thorne and Miss Newton.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—At 8, SCHOOL** Messrs. Hare, Montague, Addison, Glover, and Baneroff; Messdames Carlotta Addison, Buckingham White, and Marie Wilton. Also **A WINNING HAZARD**. And **INTRIGUE**: Messrs. Montgomery, Collette, Sydney; Misses A. and B. Wilton.

**GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—At 7, THE TWO HARLEQUINS:** Miss Constance Loseby and Mr. C. Lyall. At 7.45, **ON THE CARUS**: Mr. Alfred Wigan, Miss Madge Robertson, and M. Stuart. **ROBERT LE DIABLE**: Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Miss Hastings, Miss Fowler; Mr. Barker, Mr. J. Eldred, Mr. J. Robins. Two Ballets. Principal dancer, Mlle. Bossi.

**QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL, Long Acre.—At 7, A RACE FOR A DINNER.** At half-past, **NOT GUILTY**: Messrs. J. L. Toole, W. Brough, H. Irving, Wyndham, Claxton, Seyton; Miss Everard, and Henrietta Hodson. Also **THE LITTLE REBEL** and **THE GNOME KING**.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.—FETTERED:** Messrs. E. Price, F. Drew, Parsele, W. Howard, and George Honey; Messdames Lydia Foote and Larkin. After which, **LUCKY BORGIA**: Messrs. F. Hughes, W. Arthur, Brunton, and George Honey; Messdames Larkin, Weathersby, Turner, Lovell, Ashton, Miss Fanny Josephs, &c. To conclude with **AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID**.

**ROYALTY THEATRE.—At 7.30, A LOVING CUP:** Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Messdames Thompson and Kate Bishop. At 9, **CLAUDE DU VAL**: Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Messdames Saunders, Thompson, Bromley, Bishop, Rouse, and M. Oliver. To conclude with **EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND**.

**ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—THE HOME WRECK:** Richard Tressider, Mr. Creswick; Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. Walter Crosbie, Mr. Mat. Robson; Miss G. Pouncefort and Miss E. Lenard. And **JACK AND JILL**: Mr. W. Searle, Mat. Robson; Miss E. Webster, Miss A. Dodd, Miss E. Lenard. Clown, Harry Croneste; Harlequin, Sylvaine; Pantaloon, Gellini; Watteau Harlequin and Columbine, the Sisters Davalli.

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE and CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—**At half-past 7, Oscar Carré's **PERFORMING HORSES**. The Matchless Scenes in the Arena. And Senor Don Juan Barbo, the celebrated Mexican Grotesque and Prestidigitateur.

**ROYAL ALFRED THEATRE.—At 8, the Grand Christmas Pantomime of DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT;** or, Fairy King Oberon and the Wicked Demon who came by Underground: Messrs. Harwood, Worboys, Bernard, and Dyas; Messdames Craven and Mervyn. Proceeded, at 7, by **THE WAYSIDE INN**.

**ST. GEORGE'S THEATRE.—At 8, Royal and Original** Christy's Minstrel's Ethiopian Entertainment. And the burlesque extravaganza, **THE VERY GRAND DUTCH -S**.

**NEW NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.—At 7, TELL TALE TIT:** Messdames Marie Leelle, Emma Chambers, Annie Anderson, Kate and Rose Warner; Messrs. B. Wright, Vivian. Sawwell's Performing Dogs. And **FOR SALE**.

**GRECIAN THEATRE.—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN;** or, Harlequin The Riddle of the Sphinx. Flying Dutchman, Mr. George Conquest; and supported by Misses M. A. Victor, Denvil, Armstrong, Seaford; Messrs. D. Rowells, W. Osmund, H. Power, Grant, Jackson, Manning, and Howard; Misses Darling, Gerish, Hower. To conclude with **PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE**.

## INSURANCE COMPANIES, &amp;c.

**EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**  
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament,  
For Life Assurance, Annuities, and Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.  
CHAIRMAN—General Sir FREDERIC SMITH, K.H., F.R.S.

Policies Payable During Life—Indisputable—Not Liable to Forfeiture.

The Royal Naval, Military, and East India Life Department, affording peculiar advantages to Officers and others in the Navy and Army, and is under the especial Patronage of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The EUROPEAN Society is specially authorized by the Imperial Parliament to Guarantee the Fidelity of Government Officials.

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| New Premium Income in 1859, 1860, 1861 | £101,000 |
| " " 1862, 1863, 1864                   | £123,000 |
| " " 1865, 1866, 1867                   | £180,745 |

Annual Income exceeds Three Hundred and Forty Thousand Pounds.

THE RETURN OF EACH WEEK'S NEW BUSINESS may be obtained at the OFFICES, or of any of the AGENTS.

The Annuity Tables offering special advantages to Annuityants, and full particulars of the popular Principles of this Society, will be found in the New Prospectus, which will be forwarded to applicants *Post Free*.

HENRY LAKE, General Manager.

17, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,000,000. Losses paid £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances Granted on every description of Property, at home and abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

**UNITED PORTS AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY,** 17 and 18, CORNHILL.—MARINE DEPARTMENT.—The Company is prepared to RECEIVE PROPOSALS for INSURANCE of Goods, Freight, and other insurable interests.

CHARLES ELLIS, Underwriter.

## COMPENSATION

IN CASE OF INJURY, AND

A FIXED SUM IN CASE OF DEATH

CAUSED BY

ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND,

MAY BE SECURED BY A POLICY OF THE

**RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

An annual payment of £3 to £6. 5s. insures £1,000 at death, and an allowance at the rate of £6 per week for injury.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ALONE**

MAY BE PROVIDED AGAINST BY

**INSURANCE TICKETS FOR SINGLE OR DOUBLE JOURNEYS.**

For particulars apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, to the Local Agents, or at the Offices,

64, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

In Chancery: "Cleverly v. Troughton."—Valuable Freehold Estate at Gravesend, Kent, and eligible Copyhold Property at Hammersmith, affording investments of a secure and remunerative character.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** are favoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, on WEDNESDAY, February 24, at 1 precisely, in lots, an important BLOCK of FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, in West-street, Gravesend, having a commanding frontage to the Thames, with dwelling-house, warehouses, office, &c. Also 27 Freehold Messuages and Premises, respectively situate in Queen-street, Sussex-place, Prince's-street, Globe-yard, East-terrace, and Milton-place; Two Freehold Messuages and Outbuildings, 27 and 28, High-street; capital Freehold Business Premises, being Nos. 63 and 69, High-street; and Land in Bentley-street, with various messuages thereon, extending to a depth of 200 feet, producing rentals amounting to £2019 per annum. Also an excellent Copyhold Property, situate at Hammersmith, consisting of two cottages and wharf abutting on the river Thames, let to a good tenant at a low rental.—May be viewed, and particulars obtained at the Mart; of J. H. Lydall, Esq., Solicitor, 12, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Messrs. Matthews, Son, & Bartlett, Solicitors, 2, Arthur-street West, London-bridge; Messrs. Freshfields, Solicitors, 2, Bank-buildings, Lothbury; James Mote, Esq., Solicitor, No. 1, Walbrook, E.C.; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield, No. 24, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C., corner of Coleman-street.

In Chancery: "Almond v. Surman."—City of London.—First-class Mercantile Premises in Fenchurch-street.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, in February, in one lot (pursuant to an order of the High Court of Chancery made in the above cause, with the approbation of the Vice-Chancellor Sir John Stuart), a highly important and valuable long LEASEHOLD ESTATE, situate and being No. 116, Fenchurch-street, at the corner of Billiter-street, and directly opposite the Fenchurch-street Terminus of the Blackwall and North London Railway, one of the most central and commanding positions for commercial purposes within the city, consisting of a magnificent range of mercantile premises of bold elevation and substantial erection, planned with great judgment, and in every respect adapted for the accommodation of first-class firms. Let at gross rentals amounting to £1,465 per annum. Held on lease for a term of 75 years from Midsummer, 1857, at a ground rent of (per annum) £470. May be viewed by permission of the respective tenants, and particulars had at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard; of Messrs. Noon & Davies, Solicitors, 25, New Broad-street, E.C.; Mr. G. Surman, Solicitor, 11, New-square, Lincoln's-inn; Mr. W. Holland, Solicitor, 39, Bedford-row; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox & Bousfield, 24, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C., corner of Coleman-street.



The Robin Hood Tavern, Sutton, Surrey, a well-accustomed and improvable licensed house, with possession.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Bank of England, on Wednesday, February 24th, at 1 o'clock precisely (by order of the Mortgagee), the **GROUND LEASE** of the **ROBIN HOOD TAVERN**, very well placed at the corner of Robin Hood-lane and West-street, Sutton, Surrey, a short distance from the Railway Station and from the centre of the village, in an improving and populous position. The premises are of pleasing and appropriate elevation, suitably planned for business, and capable of doing a snug and profitable trade. Held for 99 years from Michaelmas, 1867, at a ground-rent of £20 per annum. Possession on completion.—Particulars of Messrs. Roche & Gover, Solicitors, 33, Old Jewry; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox & Bousfield, 24, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C.

Lewisham, Kent.—Three handsome modern Villa Residences, for occupation or investment.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** are instructed to **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Bank of England, on Wednesday, February 24th, at 1 o'clock precisely, in three lots, **THREE** handsome modern **VILLA RESIDENCES**, agreeably and conveniently situate in the Wickham-road, Lewisham-road, about ten minutes' walk from the Railway Station. Each comprises on the second floor two spacious bedchambers with dressing-room, on the first floor the same, on the ground floor drawing-room, dining-room, entrance hall with flight of stone steps to garden, watercloset; in the basement, breakfast-room, kitchen, store-cupboard, pantry, coal-cellar, scullery, and servants' watercloset; in the rear, garden. Held for long terms at merely nominal ground-rents. Each house is of the value of £90 per annum, but they will be sold with possession, for the convenience of buyers for occupation.—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Boulton & Sons, Solicitors, 21A, Northampton-square; at the Auction Mart; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox & Bousfield, 24, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C.

Wimbledon-park.—A very valuable Freehold Residential Property, comprising a handsome modern family mansion, with capital out offices, &c., standing within ornamental garden grounds of about three acres.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Bank of England, early in the ensuing season (unless an acceptable offer shall be previously made), a most enjoyable **FREEHOLD ESTATE**, charmingly situate in Wimbledon-park, the most convenient and highly esteemed of the environs of town, one mile from the Putney Railway Station, less than two miles from Wimbledon Station, and an easy walk from two churches. Comprises a noble family residence, distinguished as Torwood, erected in the most substantial manner, and presenting a very handsome and imposing elevation, standing entirely detached within its own grounds of about three acres, part of which might advantageously be devoted for the erection of another residence; capital coach-house, stabling, &c. May be viewed, and particulars had of Messrs. Davidson, Carr, & Bannister, Solicitors, Basinghall-street; of Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co., 13, George-street, Mansion-house; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox & Bousfield, 24, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C., corner of Coleman-street.

The Adelphi and Caledonian Hotels.—Preliminary.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** are desired to prepare for **SALE**, on an early day, the valuable **HOTELS** in the Adelphi, respectively known as the Adelphi and the Caledonian, most favourably situate, the one close to the Strand, the other almost upon the Embankment, and commanding an uninterrupted river view, together with all their fittings and appurtenances, and the goodwill of the well-established and improvable trades. The growing appreciation of the personnel in the management of these establishments, and the remarkably central and convenient position of these houses, render the present opportunity a singularly favourable one for an experienced person to combine profitable employment for capital, with active and agreeable occupation.—Further particulars of H. Phillips Esq., Solicitor, 3, King William-street, Strand; of Messrs. Courtenay & Croome, Solicitors, 9, Gracechurch-street; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox & Bousfield, 24, Gresham-street, Bank.

Bow.—Eligible Leasehold Dwelling-house, for investment or occupation.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX & BOUSFIELD** will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, near the Bank of England, on Wednesday, February 24th, at 1 o'clock (unless previously disposed of by private treaty), a substantially-built **LEASEHOLD DWELLING-HOUSE**, situate in the main road, close to the Bow Station on the North London and Blackwall Railways. The house is conveniently arranged, and has long garden in the rear. Held upon lease for an unexpired term of about 34 years, at a ground-rent of £6 per annum; at present let to a yearly tenant at the very low rental of £45 per annum, but early possession can be had.—May be viewed by permission of the tenant, and particulars may be obtained at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard; of Josh. Lott, Esq., Solicitor, 12, Great George-street, S.W.; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox & Bousfield, 24, Gresham-street, Bank, corner of Coleman-street, E.C.

**£2,000** Trust Money to be Lent on Freehold, Copyhold, or first-class Leasehold Security. Apply to F. R., Messrs. Pottle, News-agent, Royal Exchange, E.C.

**ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES.**—The Board have the pleasure to announce that the **ANNUAL DINNER** of this Charity will be held on Thursday, the 15th of April next, at the London Tavern, The Right Hon. the Viscount SYDNEY, P.C., in the chair.

Names for the Stewardship will be thankfully received.

There are at present 126 inmates and 265 pensioners. The Board regret to say that the Institution is, for the first time, in debt. Subscriptions and donations are therefore earnestly solicited, to maintain the work of this twofold Charity. Annual subscriptions half a guinea and upwards, life subscriptions five guineas and upwards. Special contributions in reduction of the building debt confer the usual privileges of voting.

Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C.

Post-office orders payable at Poultry to

FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

Offices, 19, Poultry, E.C., Feb. 10th, 1869.

**THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.** Offices, 16, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

This Society supplies spinal appliances, crutches, elastic stockings, and every other description of mechanical support gratuitously to the deserving poor in all parts of the kingdom, who, by reason of disease or accident, are partially or entirely prevented from performing their daily labour, but who, by the help of some surgical appliance, may be enabled to work in comfort for their own support. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. and donors of five guineas will be entitled to two recommendations during the year.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS** are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay & Co., Lombard-street; or by the Secretary, at the offices of the Society.

WILLIAM TRESIDDER, Secretary.

**WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL**, opposite Westminster Abbey. The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that Lord HATHERLEY, the Lord High Chancellor, has kindly consented to preside at a **FESTIVAL DINNER**, to be held at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, the 14th of April, to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of the foundation of this Hospital, and also for the purpose of raising funds to meet the contemplated expenditure for the extensive repairs of the building, which are now imperatively needed. Gentlemen willing to become Stewards are requested to be good enough to forward their names at their earliest convenience to the Secretary. The liability of each Steward is limited to one guinea, the price of the dinner ticket.

F. J. WILSON, Secretary.

**HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST**, Brompton: Founded 1841. Number of persons treated during last year:—In-patients, 1,270; Out-patients, new cases, 7,512; Attendances, 62,975. The ordinary yearly expenses largely exceed the income derivable from all reliable sources, and in order to meet the deficiency and maintain the hospital in its efficiency the Committee require and confidently **APPEAL** to the public for the requisite additional aid.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.  
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

**THE NATIONAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION**, Ventnor, Undercliff, Isle of Wight, for the Reception of Patients from all parts of the kingdom.

The General Committee having the satisfaction to announce that the first pair of **BUILDINGS** is nearly completed, now earnestly **APPEAL** for funds for the erection of the **SECOND PAIR**.

Donations and subscriptions thankfully received at the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's-square, S.W.; and at the London Office, 11, Charles-street, Manchester-square, W. Any benevolent person being at the cost of the erection of one of the cottages may have the same named after him, and will be always entitled to have three patients in the Hospital.

LAWRENCE PEEL, Chairman.  
NEALE F. HORNE, Secretary.

**CANCER HOSPITAL**, London and Brompton; founded 1851. —This Hospital was established for the exclusive treatment of the poor suffering from cancer, and has now been in operation nearly 18 years, during which time it has received under its care upwards of 8,000 cases. At Brompton there is accommodation for 80 in-door patients. The out-door cases average between 400 and 500 patients constantly under treatment. Poor persons suffering from cancer are admitted as out-door patients on their own application; those wishing for admission to the Hospital must attend at the London establishment, No. 167, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday, at 2 o'clock; and at Brompton, on Monday or Wednesday, at the same hour.

Treasurer—Geo. T. Hertslet, Esq., Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace.

Bankers—Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand.

Office, 167, Piccadilly (opposite to Bond-street).

N.B.—A donation of 10 guineas constitutes a Life Governor; an annual subscription of one guinea, a Governor.

**KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL**, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn.—The Committee call special attention to the **FIVE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION LIST** just opened by them, and particularly request all persons interested in hospitals and medical schools to join this list as an example to others to follow.

Bankers—Messrs. Twining & Co., Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Hoares, Messrs. Drummond, and Messrs. Williams, Deacon, & Co.

F. ALFRED BEDWELL, Vice-Chairman.  
J. W. WALDRON, Secretary.

**NORTH LONDON CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL**, Hampstead, or Tottenham-court-road, W.—The Committee very earnestly urge the claims of this Hospital upon the charity of the benevolent. Urgent cases are waiting anxiously for admission, and the Committee are compelled to refuse them, not from want of room to receive them, but from want of **FUNDS** to support them.

WM. HORNIBROOK, Secretary.

Office, 216, Tottenham-court-road, W.

**CITY of LONDON HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the CHEST**, Victoria-park.—The **ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL** of this Institution will be held at the London Tavern on Wednesday, 17th March. The Right Hon. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., in the chair, supported by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

The names of gentlemen willing to act as stewards will be thankfully received.

HENRY SEWELL, Hon. Sec.  
RICHARD P. SLATER, Sec.

Offices, 24, Finsbury-circus, E.C.

**ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE**, Epsom.—Notice is hereby given that an **EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING** of the Governors of the College will be held at the office of the College, 37, Soho-square, London, on Tuesday, the 23rd of February inst., at 3 o'clock precisely, when the following resolution will be proposed on behalf of the Council:—"That after Easter term, 1869, the payment to be made for all pupils residing in the College, being the sons of medical men (except the Foundation Scholars, the Surrey Society's Scholars, and the Exhibitioners), be at the rate of £45 per annum, instead of £40, and that the second bye-law of the College be altered accordingly."

By order of the Council, ROBERT FREEMAN, Secretary.

No. 37, Soho-square, London, February 3, 1869.

**ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL**, Gray's-inn-road.—Sickness is very prevalent; applications for admission are numerous; the funds are almost exhausted; and **ASSISTANCE** is urgently needed.

JAMES S. BLYTH, Secretary.

**CHARING-CROSS HOSPITAL**, West Strand.—The Governors earnestly solicit **ASSISTANCE** for this Hospital, which is in great need of funds.

HENRY WOOLCOTT, Secretary.

**ROYAL HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the CHEST** City-road.—**ASSISTANCE** is greatly **NEEDED**, to meet the heavy current expenses of the Hospital. Bankers—Glyn, Mills, and Co.

CHARLES L. KEMP, Secretary.

**GREAT NORTHERN HOSPITAL**, Caledonian-road, N.—Several beds in the New Hospital Buildings cannot be occupied for **WANT of FUNDS**. 590,093 patients have been relieved.

F. SMITH, Esq., Hon. Secretary.  
GEORGE REID, Secretary.

**BRITISH HOME for INCURABLES**, Clapham Rise. Patroness—H.R.H. the Princess of WALES.

President—The Viscount HOLMESDALE, M.P.

**APPEAL.**

This Institution was established to make provision for persons afflicted with incurable disease, either by providing them with a home for life, with good nursing and skilled medical attendance, or by the grant of pensions of £20 per annum to such as, with some help from relatives or friends, may be able to remain in their own cherished homes.

The Home was opened in the autumn of 1863; and 77 patients have already been admitted, and 118 annuitants have been elected.

The Board of Management earnestly appeal on behalf of this Institution for a share of the Christmas bounty of a benevolent public.

The Institution is opened every day for inspection, and a visit to it is respectfully invited.

All information given, and forms of application issued, by the Secretary.

Offices: 73, Cheapside, E.C.

EDWD. WEAVER, Secretary.

Bankers—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; and Messrs. Drummond, Charing-cross, S.W.

**THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL**, Berners-street, W.—The Weekly Board earnestly solicit increased **SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS** to meet heavy current expenses. Funds are much wanted.

HENRY N. CUSTANCE, Secretary and Superintendent.



## A SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED! MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTION.

The *Globe* says, "Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla cocoa above all others. For homeopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

Sold, in packets only, by all Grocers.

## ROYAL CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE, LONDON.

### SCOTT ADIE'S Celebrated SHOOTING and FISHING TWEEDS,

Handloom Woven, and of Pure Highland Wools, in the Heathers, Granite, Stone, and natural colours of the Wool, in Textures suited for all Seasons and Climates, are always on view in the greatest choice.

*Patterns forwarded to the Country free.*

Also His famous WATERPROOF HIGHLAND CLOAKS, suited for Travelling, Driving, Deerstalking, &c.

### SCOTT ADIE, 115, REGENT STREET.

Entrance at the CORNER OF VIGO STREET ONLY.

## WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER

(BY APPOINTMENT) TO

### H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post-paid. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

|   |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|
| STERLING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE,<br>NICKEL SILVER and<br>BRITANNIA METAL GOODS,<br>DISH-COVERS, HOT-WATER DISHES, | STOVES and FENDERS,<br>MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES,<br>KITCHEN RANGES,<br>LAMPS, GASOLIERES, | TEA TRAYS, URNS and KETTLES,<br>TABLE CUTLERY,<br>CLOCKS and CANDELABRA,<br>BATHS and TOILET WARE, | IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS,<br>BEDDING and BED-HANGINGS,<br>BEDROOM CABINET FURNITURE,<br>TURNERY GOODS. |
|---|--|--|--|

With Lists of Prices, and Plans of the TWENTY LARGE SHOW ROOMS, at

39, Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, & 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, & 6, Perry's Place; and 1, Newman Yard, LONDON.

**CENTRAL LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL**  
Gray's-inn-road, W.C. (relieving 6,000 fresh cases annually), greatly need assistance. CONTRIBUTIONS are earnestly solicited, and may be paid to William Banbury, Esq., Treasurer, 77, Lombard-street, or to

DAVID EVANS, Secretary.

**WEST LONDON HOSPITAL, Hammersmith, W.**  
Presidents: His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY; His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

The heavy demands made upon the resources of this Hospital by the greatly increased number of in and out patients oblige the Committee to APPEAL to the benevolent for ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS, which will be thankfully received by the following bankers, viz.:—Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., 16, St. James's-street, S.W.; the Metropolitan Bank, Hammersmith branch, and by the Secretary at the Hospital.

**THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL (CANCER WARDS),**  
Berners-street, W.—The Weekly Board APPEAL for AID, and increased subscriptions.

Bankers—Messrs. Coutts, Messrs. Hoare, Messrs. Drummond, and Messrs. Scott.

**LIFEBOAT SERVICES.**—During the storms of the year 1868 the NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION contributed to the saving of 851 lives from various shipwrecks and 25 vessels from destruction. The Committee earnestly APPEAL for assistance to meet the continued heavy demands on their 194 lifeboat establishments. Contributions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Willis & Co.; Coutts & Co.; Herries & Co.; by all the other London and country bankers; and by the Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the Institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

**INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, Wanstead.**  
Patron—The QUEEN.

It shelters the orphans of those once in prosperity.  
It receives them in infancy, and retains them until 14 or 15 years of age.  
It maintains nearly 600 fatherless children now.  
It has received 2,351 fatherless children since 1827.  
It depends upon voluntary contributions for nine-tenths of its income.  
It pleads for those who are too young to plead for themselves.  
Forms for nominating candidates for the May Election, when 30 children will be admitted, can be obtained at the office.  
Life subscription for two votes, £10s. 10s.; for one vote, £5. 5s.  
Annual subscription for two votes, £1. 1s.; for one vote, 10s. 6d.  
Offices: 100, Fleet-street, E.C. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

**PROVIDENCE (ROW) NIGHT REFUGE, for Homeless**  
Men, Women, and Children, Crispin-street, and Raven-row, Bishopsgate without, N.E.—The new Refuge has been opened, and is crowded every night. More than 100,000 nights' lodgings, with suppers and breakfasts, have been given to the poor, without any distinction of religion. DONATIONS are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. Daniel Gilbert, D.D., 22, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; Charles James Fox, Esq., M.D., 27, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; or Wm. Francis Jones, Esq., 21, City-road, E.C.

**HOME for LITTLE BOYS.**—193 Little Boys once homeless and destitute, or in danger of falling into crime, are now being fed, clothed, lodged, educated, and taught to earn their own living in the seven family Homes. FUNDS are urgently needed to support them. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street; by the Treasurer, W. H. Willans, Esq., 36, Coleman-street; and at the Office, 11, Buckingham street, Strand.

A. O. CHARLES, Hon. Sec.

**SPECIAL APPEAL.—FIELD-LANE REFUGES for the HOMELESS POOR, &c.**

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G.  
Vice-President—His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL.  
Treasurer—George Moore, Esq.

Since the passing of the Casual Ward Acts the Committee of the above institution has directed its efforts to relieve and reinstate in the former positions the homeless poor of London, and to give industrial and religious training to the children of its miserable neighbourhood.

This effort, continued during a year of great distress, through want of employment, has exhausted its resources, and compelled the Committee to borrow money to pay the October current expenses.

More than 50,000 persons have benefited by its efforts during the year, and 1,600 children been taught gratuitously in its day, evening, and industrial schools. FUNDS are now urgently NEEDED, and earnestly appealed for to carry on the work.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the bankers, Messrs. Ransom & Co., Pall-mall East; Barclay, Bevan, & Co., Lombard-street; or by the Hon. Sec., Mr. Samuel Tawell, 31, St. Paul's-churchyard.

**LONDON DIOCESAN PENITENTIARY, Highgate.**—CONTRIBUTIONS to the amount of above £400 are urgently needed to meet the balance of expenses for the past year.

January, 1869. Treasurer, RICHARD TWINING, Esq., 215, Strand, W.C.

**MOST URGENT.—The BLUEGATE-FIELDS' RAGGED SCHOOLS** are situate in the parish of Shadwell, E., adjoining the notorious Ratchiff-highway. Upwards of 400 neglected children but for these schools would be quite uncared for. The terrible destitution of these "poor ones" calls for sympathy. The Committee need FUNDS. Help is earnestly sought. Who will aid?  
W. H. HATCHARD, Hon. Secretary.  
No. 44, Pigott-street, East-India-road, E.

**THE BOYS' HOME, Certified Industrial School for**  
Destitute Boys not Convicted of Crime, all of whom are lodged, clothed, fed, trained to honest industry, and then provided with a livelihood.  
DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS very thankfully received by  
GEORGE WILLIAM BELL, Esq., Treasurer.  
The Boys' Home, Regent's-park-road, N.W.  
The Printed Report of this Charity will be sent post free to any person in Great Britain or Ireland.

## BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR  
for  
Children's diet.

## BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR  
to thicken  
Sauces.

### CAUTION.

To obtain extra profit by the sale, other qualities are sometimes audaciously substituted instead of

**BROWN AND POLSON'S.**

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

IS most refreshing and invigorating.—Exclusive, very important; rare and valuable are its properties also in curing bilious, sick, or nervous headache, in scarlet, typhus fevers, or other blood poisons. Drs. Johnson and Turley state in their lectures that for these it is a specific, "no other need be given."—Sold by chemists, and the maker, 113, Holborn Hill, London, E.C.

## KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

**THE LIVER** is justly credited with being the cause of many complaints. If inactive, or out of order, it becomes enlarged or irritated, producing Bilious Complaints, Jaundice, Sickness, Depression of Spirits, Irritability of Temper, &c. If neglected, a series of what are called Liver Complaints is produced, that render life insupportable. KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS have been found of the greatest value in all disorders of the liver, restoring the organ to complete health, and renovating the system.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS.**—GRATIFYING RESULTS.—No phase of external ailments can present itself which is irremediable by the early and diligent use of the above-named remedies. The merest blotch upon the skin and the deepest ulceration of the flesh yields with the same certainty to the detergent and healing properties of this celebrated ointment. Bad legs, burns, eruptions of the skin, and scrofulous sores, can be cured with facility by the use of this ointment, aided by Holloway's purifying pills. Under this treatment the foulest ulcers become clean, and in a few days florid granulations appear, which gradually grow, and fill up the cavity with firm and healthy flesh. No drawback nor relapse need be feared.

**HALE'S GALVANIC APPARATUS.**—Extraordinary Cures of Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Muscular Power, Debility, Loss of Sleep, Indigestion, Asthma, Sciatica, Nervousness, Tic, &c. Send two stamps to Mr. Hale, Warwick Lodge, 40, Addison-road, Kensington, London, for his Pamphlet on Galvanism, which contains the particulars of the most extraordinary cures, after all medicines and other galvanic machines had been tried in vain.



IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF  
**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE**  
 WILL BE COMMENCED  
 A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READE,  
 ENTITLED  
**PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.**

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**—JOSEPH GILLOTT, METALLIC PEN MAKER to the QUEEN, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making steel pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions which, for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

**RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUMED VALENTINES for 1869.**  
 "These Valentines are really works of Art."—*Art Journal*.

|                              |     |  |          |
|------------------------------|-----|--|----------|
| The Shakespearian .....      | 1s. | The Comic Valentine .....                | 6d.      |
| Cupid's Magnet .....         | 1s. | The Language of Flowers .....            | 2s. 6d.  |
| Flora's Keepsake .....       | 1s. | The Fan Valentine, on paper, 3s. 6d.;    |          |
| The Medival (humorous) ..... | 1s. | on silk .....                            | 10s. 6d. |
| Animated Flowers .....       | 1s. | The Miniature Valentine, 5s. and 7s. 6d. |          |
| The Card Valentine .....     | 6d. |  |          |

The Guinea Musical Valentine. The Guinea Watteau Valentine. Richly mounted Valentines from 10s. 6d. to £10. 10s. Detailed List on application. Premiums to retail purchasers above 5s. E. RIMMEL, Perfumer, 96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; and 24, Cornhill, London.

**NO CHARGE FOR ENGRAVING STEEL DIES,** with ARMS, CREST, MONOGRAM, or ADDRESS, if an order be given for a ream of the very best paper and 500 envelopes, at £1. 1s.; all stamped free, and sent to any part of the kingdom for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

**NEW SHEETS of COMIC MONOGRAMS.**—80 Regimental Crests, 7s.; 144 Navy Crests and Mottoes, 10s. 6d.; 84 Comic Monograms, 7s.; 3 Sheets Royal Family, 2s.; 24 Crests, Arms of Dukes, 2s.; the Arms of every Marquis, Viscount, Baron, and British Commoner, 1s. each sheet, in Colours.—T. CULLETON, Her Majesty's Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

**VISITING CARDS** by CULLETON.—Fifty, best quality, post-free, 2s. 3d., including the engraving of copper-plate; Wedding Cards, fifty each, fifty embossed envelopes with maiden name, 13s. 6d., post-free.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

**CULLETON'S PLATES for MARKING LINEN.**—By means of this invention every kind of linen, silk, or stockings can be marked with crest, monogram, or address. Any one can use them. Initial plate, 1s.; Name, 2s. 6d.; Set of Numbers, 2s. 6d.; Crest plate, 5s. With full directions, sent post-free on receipt of stamps.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver and Die-sinker to the Admiralty and Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

**NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE!**  
**AGUA AMARELLA**

Restores the Human Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age.

MESSRS. JOHN GOSNELL & CO.

have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent Chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the Public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price.

Sold in Bottles 8s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., or 15s. each, with brush.

Red Bull Wharf, Angel-passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.

**J. GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE** is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S Extra Highly Scented Toilet and Nursery Powder.

Red Bull Wharf, 3, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.**—Paris and Havre Exhibition Gold Medals.—CAUTION.—None genuine without Baron Liebig, the inventor's, signature being on every jar, accompanied by full printed directions. About 70 Pints of excellent beef-tea for 11s., the present reduced retail price per pound. Finest, most convenient, and by far the cheapest meat-flavouring ingredient for soups, made dishes, and sauces. Sold by all Italian Warehousemen, Chemists, Grocers, Ship Chandlers and Provision Dealers.

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.**  
**THE "WORCESTERSHIRE,"**

Pronounced by Connoisseurs, "The only Good Sauce," Improves the appetite, and aids digestion. Unrivalled for piquancy and flavour.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,** and see the Names of LEA & PERRINS, on all bottles and labels.

Agents—CROSSE & BLACKWELL, London, and sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.**—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the Agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

**EDWARD LONDON,**  
 GUN AND RIFLE MAKER.

CENTRAL-FIRE BREECH-LOADERS.  
 DOUBLE-GRIP SNAP-ACTION BREECH-LOADERS.  
 SELF HALF-COCKING BREECH-LOADERS.  
 SINGLE BARREL BREECH-LOADERS.  
 RIFLES, MILITARY AND SPORTING.  
 MUZZLE-LOADERS CONVERTED.

Repairs of every description, and all articles necessary for Sportsmen and Riflemen.

51, LONDON WALL, LONDON.

**HOBBS, HART, & CO.,**

NO. 78, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

LOCKS—for Houses, Hotels, and Railway Offices, from 2s. to 16s.; for Mansions and Banks, 8s. to 50s.—adapted for all purposes.

FIRE-RESISTING SAFES, for private use, 20 to 36 inches, £4. to £10.; for Offices, 24 to 72 inches, £10. to £120.

H. H. & Co. solicit an examination (especially by engineers) of their three entirely new PRINCIPLES of construction for security of Safes and Doors. See Report in Retail List of Prices.

**FILMER'S EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, AND SOFAS.**

THE BEST MADE.

300 different shapes constantly on view for selection and immediate delivery. Easy Chairs made to any shape on approval.

FILMER & SON, Upholsterers.

31 and 32, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.; Factory, 34 and 35, Charles-street. An Illustrated Catalogue post free.

**THE ALBERTA NEW FAMILY LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.**

The Best and Cheapest Machine in the Market. Price, from Six Guineas.

**THE EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.**

These celebrated Machines are unrivalled. Price, £8. 6s.

**THE PRINCESS NEW HAND LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.**

These Machines are on the most approved principles. Price Four Guineas.

No Lady should purchase without seeing the above. Lists free.

**WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London.**

**HEDGES & BUTLER**

Solicit attention to their

**PURE ST. JULIEN CLARET,**

At 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., and 36s. per dozen.

Choice Clarets of various growths..... 42s., 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s., 96s

**GOOD DINNER SHERRY,**

At 24s. and 30s. per dozen.

Superior Golden Sherry ..... 36s. and 42s.

Choice Sherry—Pale, Golden, or Brown..... 48s., 54s., and 60s.

**HOCK and MOSELLE,**

At 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., and 84s.

Port from first-class Shippers ..... 30s., 36s., 42s.

Very Choice Old Port ..... 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

**CHAMPAGNE**

At 36s., 42s., 48s., and 60s.

Hochheimer, Marcobrunner, Rudesheimer, Steinberg, Liebfraumilch, 60s.; Johannisberger and Steinberger, 72s., 84s., to 120s.; Braunberger, Grunhausen, and Scharzberg, 48s. to 84s.; sparkling Moselle, 48s., 60s., 68s., 78s.; very choice Champagne, 66s., 78s.; fine old Sack, Malmsey, Frontignac, Vermuth, Constantia, Lachrymæ Christi, Imperial Tokay, and other rare Wines.

Fine old Pale Cognac Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., and 84s. per dozen.

Foreign Liqueurs of every description.

On receipt of a post-office order, or reference, any quantity will be forwarded immediately by

**HEDGES & BUTLER,**

LONDON: 155, REGENT STREET, W.

BRIGHTON: 30, KING'S ROAD.

(Originally Established A.D. 1667.)

**F. DIXON TAYLOR**

Solicits attention to his

|                                     |                                |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Greek Wines..... from 16s. per doz. | Sherry..... from 18s. per doz. |
| Hungarian Wines.. " 16s. "          | Sparkling Hock ... " 36s. "    |
| Claret ..... " 12s. "               | (very superior.)               |
| Burgundy ..... " 18s. "             | Sparkling Moselle.. " 36s. "   |
| Champagne ..... " 30s. "            | (very superior.)               |
| (recommended.)                      | Hock (still) ..... " 24s. "    |
| Port..... " 18s. "                  | Moselle (still) ..... " 24s. " |

P. O. O. payable at General Post-Office. Cross Cheques, London and County. Terms Cash.

**F. DIXON TAYLOR,**

72, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.



# PUBLIC OPINION,

EVERY SATURDAY,

PRICE TWOPENCE,

CONTAINS

OPINIONS OF THE

ENGLISH,

GERMAN,

COLONIAL,

AMERICAN,

ITALIAN,

AND  
ORIENTAL

FRENCH,

SPANISH,

PRESS

UPON ALL IMPORTANT EVENTS.

---

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

---

Choice Miscellaneous Extracts from Magazines, Books, &c.

---

RELIGIOUS, LEGAL, MEDICAL, STATISTICAL, NAVAL, MILITARY,  
SCIENTIFIC, AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

---

LITERARY, FINE ARTS, MUSICAL, AND DRAMATIC  
INTELLIGENCE FOR THE WEEK.

---

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

---

32 PAGES, well Printed, Invaluable for Home and Abroad.

---

*Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents, and at the Office,*

11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND W.C.



DEDICATED, BY EXPRESS PERMISSION, TO THE QUEEN.  
THIRD EDITION, in 1 vol., 8vo., 15s. bound.

## HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

By W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

"This charming volume will be the most permanently popular of all Mr. Dixon's works. Under the treatment of so practised a master of our English tongue the story of the Tower becomes more fascinating than the daintiest of romances."—*Examiner*.

"From first to last this fascinating volume overflows with new information and original thought, with poetry and picture."—*Post*.

"We earnestly recommend this remarkable volume to those in quest of amusement and instruction, at once solid and refined."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HURST & BLACKETT, Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

## THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

**META'S FAITH.** By the Author of "St. Olave's."

"This tale creates strong interest by the naturalness and force of its delineations of character."—*Athenaeum*.

"A very interesting and attractive story, worthy of the author."—*Sun*.

**KITTY.** By M. Betham Edwards, Author of "A Winter with the Swallows," "Dr. Jacob," &c. 3 vols.

**ONLY AN EARL.** By the Countess Pisani.

**KATHLEEN.** By the Author of Raymond's Heroine.

**WIFE AND CHILD.** By Miss Whitty.

HURST & BLACKETT, Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

Just published, handsomely bound, price 5s.,

## THE YOUNG SHETLANDER,

OR

SHADOW OVER THE SUNSHINE:

BEING LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS EDMONDSTON, NATURALIST  
ON BOARD H.M.S. "HERALD."

EDITED BY HIS MOTHER.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Contains a very interesting and touching biography of Thomas Edmondston, a young naturalist, who perished by an unfortunate accident at the very threshold of a life which promised to be useful and famous."—*Morning Star*.

"The story of 'The Young Shetlander,' which is lovingly told by his mother, is brief, but fine—a rare instance of precocious genius not spoiled by forcing, but preserved on a basis of good health by that kind of country life which is provocative rather of physical than of intellectual activity. Of the earlier years of her boy, Mrs. Edmondston speaks lovingly, but wisely; of his latter years, she as wisely lets the letters from and to her son tell his interesting story, which is altogether beautiful, and in the end inexpressibly sad."—*London Review*.

Published by WILLIAM P. NIMMO, Edinburgh.

Sold by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., London, and all Booksellers.

Just published, price 5s. cloth, or 5s. 6d. extra gilt and gilt edges,

THE

## BRAEMAR HIGHLANDS:

Their Tales, Traditions, and History.

By ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"If we cannot save the homes of the people from the destructive energies of false political economists, with their barbarous ideas of wealth produced from depopulation, at least leave for us our legends. 'Varus, Varus, give me back my legions,' cried Augustus, in the bitterness of his spirit. 'Burton, Burton,' we are tempted to cry, in humble imitation, 'touch not our sacred legends.' We thank the authoress of 'The Braemar Highlands' for treasuring up so many, without entering upon superfluous inquiries as to their credibility."—*Morning Star*.

"This volume mainly consists of a collection of associations, historic and imaginary, surrounding the Queen's highland home; and truly there is a 'multitude of quaint old legends' through which, as the author modestly affirms, 'we can obtain amusing, if not very correct, glimpses into the distant past.' Giants, dwarfs, fairies, witches, heroic saints and sinners, figure in her pages in a multitudinous variety, amazingly creditable to the mnemonic capacity of Braemar."—*Morning Post*.

"We do not know that it is possible, but if it is so, perhaps Elizabeth Taylor's volume may still further popularize the Braemar Highlands with that ever increasing multitude who go out from the great cities in search of something strange if not new—smokeless air, blue sky, Alpine sublimity, the loveliness of lake or of river scenery. They will at least get some hints of what they may expect to see in Braemar, should they resolve to penetrate the fine savagery of its solitudes, its wilder glens, or dominating peaks."—*London Review*.

"As the writer comes down to later times, her pictures of a state of society in which the tribal and feudal systems began to be mingled, in contrast with modern civilization, are very curious and attractive. The book deserves great praise for its exactness, fulness, and unpretending instructiveness."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Published by WILLIAM P. NIMMO, Edinburgh.

Sold by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., London; and all Booksellers.

Now ready, price 1s. 6d.; post free, 2s.

**THE INVESTOR'S GUARDIAN ALMANACK** and  
GUIDE for 1869. The would-be investor will find in the "Investor's Guardian Almanack" every possible information relating to—

The English Government Funds; Colonial Government Securities; Foreign Government Securities; Railway Debenture Stocks; Preference Railway Stocks; Railway Ordinary Stocks; Banks; Insurance Companies; Finance Companies—their Present Position and Prospects; Miscellaneous Companies—their Relative Position as Investments; an Authorised List of Members of the London Stock Exchange; List of Official Liquidators; List of Companies in Liquidation; Rules for Registration of Companies, and fees payable; List of Officers and Offices of all Public Companies; List of Private Banks in London and the Country, with Names of Partners; an alphabetically arranged List of the Directors in the Public Companies throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

Let the reader judge of the value of being able, on hearing the name of any security mentioned, to turn at once in this Almanack to its name in the alphabetical list, and be informed of its capital, its shares, the amount subscribed and paid, their present value, the dividend paid on them, the reserve held back as guarantee, the income accruing, its application, and its indebtedness. The information given as to insurance companies is of equal importance.

London: Published by J. Y. JACKSON, 27, Change-alley, Cornhill, E.C.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANGEROUS CONNEXIONS."

Ready at all Libraries, in 3 vols.

## Robin Gray.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

BLACKIE & SON, 44, Paternoster-row.

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

FIRST-CLASS SUBSCRIPTION,

For a constant succession of the Best New Books,

ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM,

Commencing at any date.

BOOK SOCIETIES SUPPLIED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

Prospectuses postage free on application.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, NEW OXFORD STREET.

CITY OFFICE: 4, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

## TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS.

At all Libraries.

A NEW BOOK OF TRAVELS BY CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON.

**EXPLORATIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF THE BRAZIL.** With a full Account of the Gold and Diamond Mines; also, Canoeing down Fifteen Hundred Miles of the great River Sao Francisco, from Sabara to the Sea. By Capt. RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S., &c. In 2 vols. 8vo., with Illustrations and Maps, 30s.

**MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.** By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." In 1 vol. Crown 8vo., bevelled boards, 7s. 6d. [Ready this day.]

**THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.** From Various Published and Original Sources. By F. W. HAWKINS. In 2 vols. 8vo. [Just Ready.]

### NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

**ALL BUT LOST: a Novel.** By G. A. Henty, Author of "The March to Magdala." 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**A LONDON ROMANCE.** By Charles H. Ross, Author of "The Pretty Widow," &c. In 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**IN SILK ATTIRE: a Novel.** By William Black, Author of "Love, or Marriage?" 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**THE TOWN-TALK OF CLYDA: a Novel.** By the Author of "One Foot in the Grave." In 2 vols. [Ready this day.]

**JOHN TWILLER: a Romance of the Heart.** By D. R. STARKEY, LL.D. In 1 vol. [Ready this day.]

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, Catherine-street, Strand.

## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. 251, is Published This Day.

### CONTENTS.

- I. CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF LYNDHURST AND BROUGHAM.
- II. REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE.
- III. EARTHQUAKES.
- IV. MR. GLADSTONE'S APOLOGIA.
- V. THE ULTRA-RITUALISTS.
- VI. EFFICIENCY OF THE NAVY.
- VII. LORD LIVERPOOL AND HIS TIMES.
- VIII. ANIMALS AND PLANTS.
- IX. DEAN MILMAN AND ST. PAUL'S.
- X. POLITICS AS A PROFESSION.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

### HISTORICAL LECTURE BY DEAN STANLEY.

Now Ready, 8vo., 1s.,

**THE THREE IRISH CHURCHES;** an Historical address delivered at Sion College on January 23, 1869. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

Now ready, Crown 8vo., 8 Coloured Plates, 10s. 6d.,

**THE NATURALIST IN NORWAY;** or, Notes on the Wild Animals, Birds, Fishes, and Plants of that Country; with some account of the Principal Salmon Fisheries. By the Rev. J. BOWDEN, LL.D.

L. REEVE & CO., 5, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

Just Published, in Fcap. 8vo., price 5s., cloth,

**P O E M S.** By J. B. SELKIRK.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Paternoster-row.

**PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.**—The FELLOWS of the ROYAL SOCIETY are hereby informed that the Second Part of the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, Vol. CLVIII., for the year 1868, is now published, and ready for delivery, on application at the Office of the Society in Burlington House, daily, between the hours of 10 and 4.

WALTER WHITE,

Burlington House, Feb. 11th, 1869.

Assistant Secretary, R. S.